

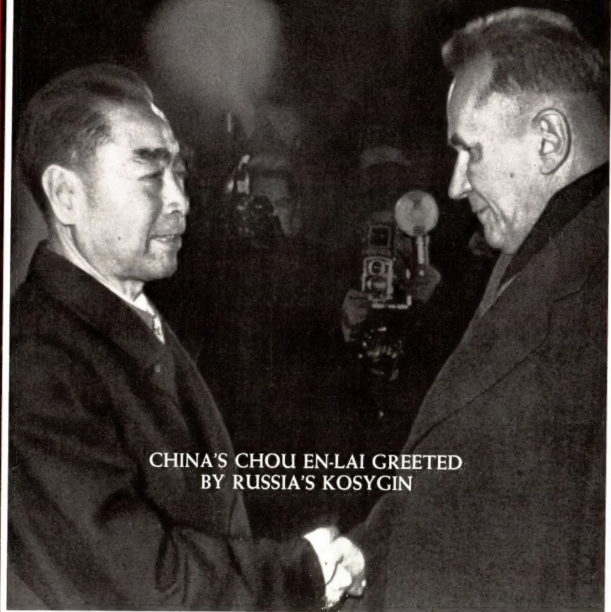
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

NOVEMBER 13, 1964

POST-KHRUSHCHEV COMMUNISM

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



CHINA'S CHOU EN-LAI GREETED
BY RUSSIA'S KOSYGIN

VOL. 84 NO. 20

(FALL, OCT. 1964)



Old Mac - Don - ald had a floor, e - i - e - i - o

Old MacDonald had a floor, e-i-e-i-o,
 Montina Corlon was its name, e-i-e-i-o,
 With a vinyl chip here,
 and a vinyl chip there,
 And here a chip, there a chip,
 everywhere a chip chip

Old MacDonald had a floor, e-i-e-i-o,
 And its texture, it was nubby, e-i-e-i-o,
 With a nubble nubble here,
 and a nubble nubble there,
 Here a nubble, there a nubble,
 everywhere a nubble nubble

Old MacDonald had a floor, e-i-e-i-o,
 And all its chips, they looked like stone, e-i-e-i-o,
 With a little stone here,
 and a little stone there,
 And here a stone, there a stone,
 everywhere a stone stone

Old MacDonald had a floor, e-i-e-i-o,
 For a free sample, write to us, * e-i-e-i-o,
 With a sample sample here,
 and a sample sample there,
 And here a sample, there a sample,
 everywhere a sample sample.

Old MacDonald had a floor,
 and that's enough of that.

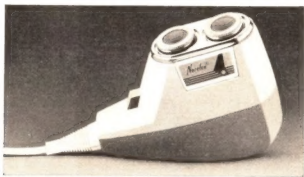
Vinyl floors by **Armstrong**

*Write Armstrong, 6411 Fulton St., Lancaster, Pa. Floor style shown: 86704. Montina's and Corlon's are trademarks of Armstrong Cork Co. Floor design copyrighted by Armstrong.



Meet the Green Bay Packers: Front Row—81 Fleming, Cochran, 74 Jordan, 47 Whitton, 88, Dowler, 63 Thurston, 31 Taylor, 9 Hornung, 15 Starr, 82 Alridge, Hacker, Fears. Second Row—Austin, 64 J. Kramer, 21 Jeter, 77 Kostelnik, 46 Gremminger, 66 Nitschke, 85 McGee, 58 Currie, 35 Mesnik, 79 Henry, 23 Norton. Back Row—24 Wood, Miller, 12 Bratkowski, Poppler, 89 Robinson, 79 Gregg, 60 Caffey, 25 Moore, 76 Skoronski, 67 Grimm, 78 Masters, 22 Pitts, Bergtson. Standing—26 Adderley, 79 Hannor, 87 Davis.

Why the Green Bay Packers recommend



the Norelco Comfort Shave

Just imagine what *your* face would feel like after a gruelling professional football game. Wouldn't you want the shaver—the *only* shaver—that gives the *Comfort Shave*? Bet your life you would.

And that shaver is today's Norelco Speedshaver with self-sharpening rotary blades. Rotary blades work on today's most advanced shaving principle. They stroke off whiskers with a *continuous* rotary motion—never "grab" the way ordinary shavers do, never cut or nick the way blades do.

Result: a close, clean shave with nary a pinch, pull or scrape—shaving comfort no other shaving method, wet or dry, can duplicate.

You can get the Comfort Shave in three models: The new Norelco 'Floating-Head' above—self-cleaning rotary blades; heads that *swivel* to fit your face; new Norelco Cordless; or new Norelco 'Flip-Top'. All have rotary blades. All give the Comfort Shave. Just ask a Green Bay Packer—especially some Sunday afternoon.

Other Norelco Comfort Shave Products: Prolec® pre-shave lotion, Finale® after-shave lotion, Shaver Cleaner, Home Barber Kit—saves money on haircuts, great for kids. **Other Products:** Hearing Aids, Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices. © 1964 North American Philips Company, Inc., 100 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York.



Cordless—shaves any-where. Battery powered. Zippered case with mirror. New Norelco Cordless Speedshaver 20C.



All-new 'Flip-Top'—world's largest selling shaver model. On/off switch, Easy flip-top cleaning. Popular price. Norelco 'Flip-Top' Speedshaver® 20.

Norelco®/The Comfort Shave



If you're a lazy, non-mechanical, music-loving perfectionist, there's a new stereo tape recorder made just for you.



The amazing Ampex 2000.

Takes but minutes to learn how to use; only seconds to start. Threads tape automatically.

It will then play up to 6 hours of the most gorgeous stereo music you ever laid ears on. Without changing reels. Then it will politely shut itself off—if you want it to. If not, it will play indefinitely . . . and you may well want it to, since Ampex stereo reproduction will be better than any you've ever

heard. Except live. Look at it this way. Before a record becomes a record, the music is recorded on a tape recorder (usually on an Ampex tape recorder for that's what most professional recording studios use).

If you've the time for a couple of plays (that's all you'll need to be convinced), visit your Ampex franchised dealer. For busier music lovers, there's a "shop-at-home" brochure. Write.

Ampex Corporation
Consumer Products Div., Dept. TE11
2201 Landmeier Road
Elk Grove Village, Illinois 60007

Ask anyone who knows.





**If you ship from
5 to 50 pounds anywhere in the U. S.
you're missing a bet**

...unless you check Air Express.

There are many reasons why. For example, you can actually ship a 20 pound package from New York to Chicago by Air Express for less than motor carrier (\$6.20 vs. \$6.82) ... and at a sizable saving in time.

Among air cargo services, Air Express is often cheapest *and* quickest too.

Another point. Air Express rates are figured door-to-door. You only

have one call, one waybill.

And there's more. Air Express can deliver by sunset tomorrow to any one of 21,000 U.S. cities.

Pickup is made within 2 hours of your call. Your packages get top priority on every scheduled airline after air mail.

On the ground, 10,500 delivery trucks speed deliveries between you, the airports and your customers. Compare this with any other

service available.

There is only one Air Express... it's a joint venture of all 39 scheduled airlines and R E A Express. No wonder it gives you the best service in the air and on the ground.

Next time you ship from 5 to 50 pounds, try Air Express. Simply call your local R E A Express office for detailed information.

Air Express outdelivers them all ... anywhere in the U.S.A.

Air Express
Division of R E A Express



Attention—all business travelers who feel a business trip is a chance to get away from the rigors of family life. Air Canada now has an irresistible Family Plan: 25% off. Even in Economy Class. Every day in the week. Sorry, old chap.



New daily discount Family Plan on all North American routes:

- 25% off for wives and dependent children, 12-21 years
- 50% off for all children between 2 and 11
- Child under 2 travels free

Good news, old man. Now it's easy and economical to take the gang along. Any day of the week. Consider:

You, the father, pay full fare. Your wife flies for 25% off. (If she's in charge—perhaps you got stuck at the office—she pays full fare.) As for the young ones, see our handsome box on the left for details.

On the way, we'll have special meals and reading matter for the youngsters. You'll all get the same doting service you got when

you went off alone. And remember, you'll be on one of the free world's 10 great airlines.

Come to Canada soon. Try our skiing, sight-seeing, shopping, fishing, hunting, etc. (If you don't have business in Canada, you have two choices. Go purely for pleasure, or quickly arrange some business to attend to.) Ask your Travel Agent about our new Family Fare Plan. Or call us. (Come now, sir. No tears. You'll love it. So will the family. So will your wallet.)

AIR CANADA
A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY





Now that you have acquired
a taste for scotch...



you are ready for
Hudson's Bay

Scotch takes a bit of getting used to. The novice will sip into it gradually. Probably start with one of the well-known "light" scotches. But once you acquire the taste, it's time for the rich full body and character of Hudson's Bay Best Procurable. (If you'd like to see how totally unlike great scotches can be, taste and compare a jigger of Hudson's Bay with a jigger of any of the others.)

С ЛЮБОВЬЮ ОТ М. Г.

(from MG with love)



"He pockets the Walther PPK, toes the accelerator and in seconds loses the Maserati in the convolutions of the Grande Corniche. Once again, MGB triumphs over SPECTRE... and every other marque in Europe!" There's a Double-O Section in this country, too: men who dream of action and excitement—and find it in MGB. Excitement in mastering the thoroughbred that thrashed all other GT entrants at Monte Carlo. Action in a 1798 c.c.

engine (110 mph top) braced by an all-steel unit-construction body. Your MGB fairly begs to be driven hard and skillfully. No push-button job, this! Four-speed stick shift keeps you in control, up and down hill, mile after mile. Aviation disc brakes on the front wheels impose fast, fade-free stops. (Very useful when there are road-blocks.) Comfort? Convenience? Just look: English leather upholstery. Bucket seats. Snug space for two hangers-

on in back. Padded dash. Trunk room. Tight-fitting convertible or stowaway top—take your choice. Economy? Low initial cost. Up to 30 mpg. Obstinate endurance. Invisible maintenance. Pipe dream? Not at all. Your MG dealer wants you!



FOR OVERSEAS DELIVERY AND OTHER INFORMATION, WRITE: THE BRITISH MOTOR CORP./HAMBRO, INC., DEPT. T-26, 134 GRAND AVENUE, RIDGEFIELD, NEW JERSEY



SEE "HONANNA" AND MANY FAVORITE SHOWS ON RCA VICTOR "LIVING COLOR" TV

Now, enjoy all the excitement of color in the brightest,
most true-to-life RCA Victor Color TV ever...from \$399^{95*}

OPTIONAL WITH DEALER

Lifelike natural color. New Vista® Color TV for 1965 gives you the most true-to-life RCA Victor Color ever... with better color purity, greater contrast than ever before. Color is so bright, so lifelike, you have to see it to believe it! Crisp, clear black and white pictures, too. Automatic Scene Control for balanced brightness and contrast.

Most widely proved—dependable. RCA pioneered and developed Color TV—made it a reality—proved it in homes like yours across the country. It's the most widely proved Color TV you can buy. Today, it's America's first choice—more people own RCA Victor than any other TV—black and white or color.

***New low price.** Now only \$399.95 for the *Darcy*, not shown. Manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer. All prices, specifications subject to change.



The Most Trusted Name in Television



SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK

DAK0017

How to speed worldwide defense communications

New AE system puts far-flung personnel on a "global line"

How can U.S. military leaders half a world apart make telephone contact at the "touch of a button"?

Automatic Electric solved this problem. The key is an electronic switching system that does things never before possible.

It will make immediate connections between our military bases anywhere in the free world.

It will let priority callers "break in" even if a line is busy.

It can even arrange multi-continent conference calls privately, without the aid of an operator. Or handle high-speed data transmission.

As part of the Department of Defense AUTOVON (Automatic Voice Network) Program, 23 of these AE switching centers will be installed in 15 countries.

They'll be in the Europe-Mediterranean, Pacific and Caribbean defense areas.

AE also designs and builds control systems for industry. If you have a control problem, it will pay you to bring it to AE. Just write the Industrial Products Division, Automatic Electric Company, Northlake, Illinois 60164. Or phone 312-562-7100.



AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

SUBSIDIARY OF

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS **GTE**



Jenny has been in orbit
since breakfast time.

From school she rushed off
to a Girl Scout meeting,
a trampoline class,
and then the pep rally.

Jenny needs a sugarless,
energyless soft drink
like a Beatle needs
a hairpiece.

Two-four-six-eight, what
does she appreciate?

Sugar.

It quenches fatigue.

NOTE TO MOTHERS

How much energy does your child get from the synthetic sweetener in a bottle of diet soft drink? Exactly none. And how much energy does she need? You tell us—and ask yourself if you're doing her a favor when you stock the refrigerator with no-sugar soft drinks. She'll drink them—her thirst craves anything that's cold and wet. But if you want her to have the energy she needs, you'll bring home the kind with sugar.

SUGAR'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES

... 18 calories per teaspoon—and it's all energy

Sugar Information, Inc.

For sweetness with energy, get beet or cane sugar

*Just in time
for Christmas—*



The brush that dentists
have recommended
for years now goes
automatic!

All we make are Oral B toothbrushes. Dentists recommend them regularly. They recommend our new Automatic, too. Oral B was designed by a dentist.* He specified slender nylon bristles to clean between teeth and in crevices. He specified resilient bristles to permit safe, thorough cleaning at the gum line, where tooth troubles often begin.

Our new Automatic design gives you 9,000 safe, up-and-down-strokes per minute with the toothbrush; or with one of the two attachments—one-tuft Stain-Remover or Massager-Polisher.

Cordless, thorough and gentle, the Oral B Automatic is the newest in a fine family of oral hygiene products.

Oral B Automatic Oral Hygiene Kit \$21.95

EACH KIT CONTAINS 4 TOOTHBRUSHES...
A POWER-HANDLE... RECHARGER BASE...
MASSAGER-POLISHER AND STAIN REMOVER.

*Patent No. 2,845,649

Dentist's name on request

ORAL B COMPANY • SAN JOSE, CALIF.
Producers of oral hygiene products exclusively

TIME, NOVEMBER 13, 1964

New! Golden Marquee Theater



Anthony Quinn and Ingrid Bergman in a dramatic scene from "The Visit," a 20th Century Fox Production.

on Continental Golden Jets



**Now on nine non-stop flights daily
between Los Angeles and Chicago!**

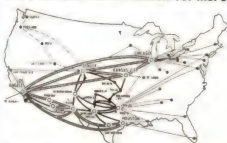
Continental announces an exciting choice of first-run movies and stereo music!

Just flick a switch...choose your favorite entertainment (1) First run movies, (2) Popular or, (3) Classical stereo...now on Continental Golden Jets.

No matter where you sit, you have an unobstructed view of the screen...or a relaxing seat for the finest in music. Make your Golden Jet flight more "golden" than ever.

For reservations call your Travel Agent or Continental Airlines.

Don't just get there...Golden Jet there!



———— CONTINENTAL GOLDEN JETS ———— INTERCHANGE ROUTES
———— CONTINENTAL RESIDENT JETS ———— CONNECTING AIRLINES



**"the wheel that squeaks the loudest
is the one that gets the grease..."**



Back in the late 1800's when Josh Billings penned this sage remark, the present oil and gas industry was only a gleam in someone's eye. Last year drillers sank 184,357,230 feet of steel pipe into the earth in search of needed reserves. They found 21,249 oil wells and 5,727 gas wells. And 16,152 times dry holes cropped up. Some 28,731 miles of line pipe were laid to market the stuff that came up from down be-

low. And Youngstown provided tubular goods for all this action. We like to squeak a little about the fact. Did you realize that Youngstown offers the world's most complete line of oil country pipe? Quality Orange Band Pipe. Pipe that's kept field-ready at our mills, plus 12 in-transit points, all under computer control. And if you want drilling equipment, call our oil field supply division, world-wide Continental-Emsco.

Even though we're only the second largest pipe producer, we're squeaking good and loud about our quality tubular products and technical services. Try our pipe once and you'll find out why striving for more grease makes Youngstown a growing force in steel.

Youngstown  Steel
THE YOUNGSTOWN SHEET AND TUBE COMPANY • YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO



If you were born in 1938...

See how New England Life can help you build up a substantial estate

"Round and round she goes," Major Bowes used to say, describing the capricious wheel of fortune, "and where she stops nobody knows." That's still true, 26 years later. But there is a sure way for a man to build up assets for his family's future and his own—through cash-value life insurance.

Say you start with a \$15,000 New England Life policy now. Assume you use dividends to build up additional

protection automatically. (For illustration, we'll apply our current dividend scale here, although these scales do change from time to time.) The cash value of your policy at age 65 is \$17,555. Premium payments total only \$10,415. So all the dollars you put in and \$7,140 more can be yours at retirement. At the same time, the protection value of your New England Life policy has risen from \$15,000 to \$26,456!

Can you imagine a surer way to accumulate an estate for yourself and your family? Let one of our agents tell you about a New England Life policy. Or if you'd like more information by mail just write to us at this address: New England Life, Department 9T, 501 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02117.

NEW ENGLAND LIFE

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. ALL FORMS OF INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP LIFE INSURANCE, ANNUITIES AND PENSIONS, GROUP HEALTH COVERAGES.

Elegant understatement is a Lincoln Continental.



Lincoln Continental is the luxury motorcar that stands apart from all other cars. It distinguishes you among fine car owners. Singular in its classic look. Unique in its ease of handling, its center-opening rear doors, its full power auxiliaries as standard equipment. There is only one Lincoln Continental. What does your car say about you?

 LINCOLN *Continental*

America's most distinguished motorcar.



people



who
know



buy
Bigelow
RUGS • CARPETS
SINCE 1928

Paredy broadloom brings comfort and luxury to living room or library. Deep texture. Dramatic carved effect. 100% imported wool face, mothproofed. In temple gold. 10 other colors.

wool
carpet

Paris means business!



Not everyone who lives in Paris paints or guides tours. Most people, like you and I, are in the business of busi-

(that's us) waiting to serve you with more jet flights to more cities in the world than any other airline: 55 weekly to England, 57 to Germany, 28 to Switzerland, 22 to Spain, 14 to Greece—plus frequent service to Africa and Southeast Asia.

Paris' proximity to the other key cities in the Common Market and Air France's vast jet network have made Orly Airport the key break bulk point for air shipments between the U. S. Europe and beyond. There's lots of elbowroom for safe and effective handling of those shipments, too—102,000 square feet.

When you're in Paris, you're in the capital of the country with the highest rate of industrial growth in Western Europe. You've got a big market of potential buyers and suppliers right at your doorstep.

Then, of course there's Paris itself. It's simply an exciting place to be—gay, sophisticated, beautiful. So doing business there is a pleasure. (We suspect prospects find it easier to say



"yes" in Paris.) Perhaps that's why in '64 and '65 alone about 300 major trade, business and professional exhibitions have been scheduled in and around Paris.

Next time you plan a trip to explore the opportunities of the Common Market, put Paris at the top of your itinerary. It's easy to get to. Air France has 32 weekly direct and non-stop jets to Paris from New York, Chicago, Montreal, Los Angeles and Washington—including a 10 a.m. daily departure out of N.Y. Nobody knows Paris like Air France. And nobody knows Air France like your Travel Agent. See him for trip information and reservations.

Make it your business to come home with us to Paris.



AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

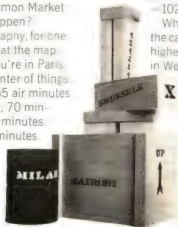


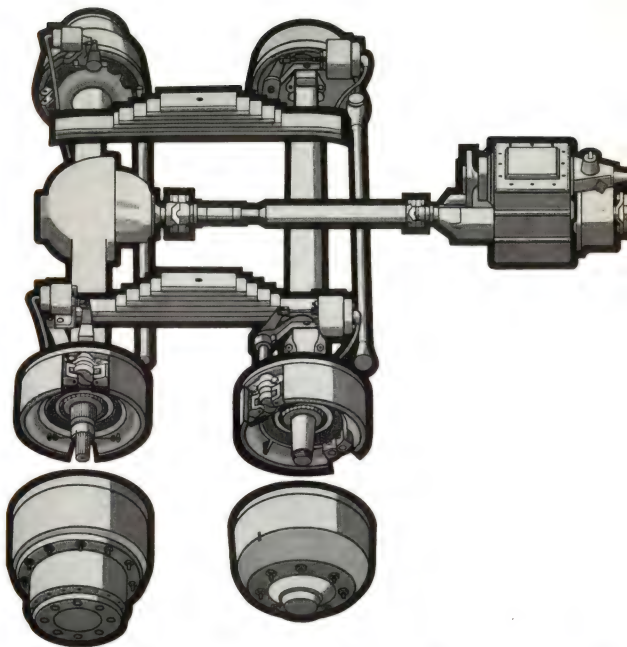
ness. You see, the glamour capital of the world is also the hub of the Common Market.

How did it happen?

Simple geography, for one reason. Glance at the map above. When you're in Paris, you're in the center of things. Geneva is just 55 air minutes away. Frankfurt, 70 minutes. Milan, 80 minutes. Brussels, 105 minutes. Berlin, 135 minutes.

When you're in Paris, you've got the world's largest airline

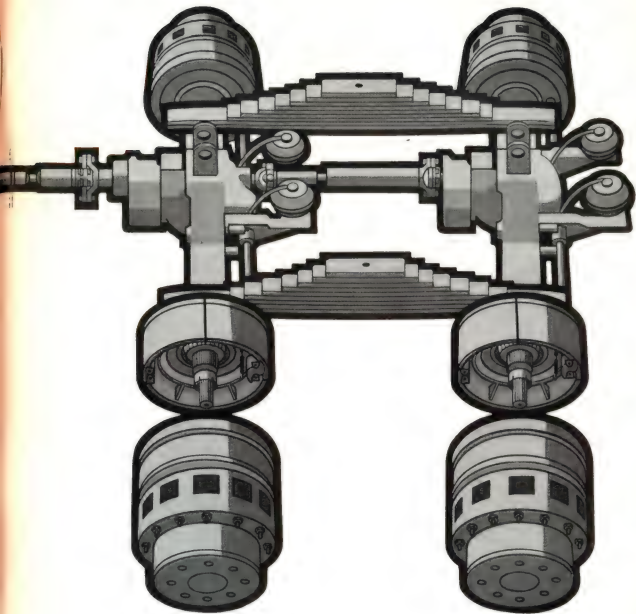




...WE ALSO MAKE AUTOMOBILE SEATS

Power trains for giant off-highway vehicles and seat assemblies for passenger cars. A contrast? That's Rockwell-Standard®. We make many things. Extra comfortable front seats, back seats and bucket seats for your car are examples. So are axles, transfer cases, U-joints, brakes, and springs for off-highway vehicles that take the roughest punishment. Everything in the twelve major product lines we specialize

AXLES • TRANSMISSIONS • SPECIAL DRIVES • SPRINGS (all types) • BUMPERS • SEATING (automotive) • UNIVERSAL JOINTS • BRAKES • EXECUTIVE AIRCRAFT •



in is built with the same attitude—to build it better. That's why our customers, all over the world, stay satisfied. We pay special attention to building things better for each of them. Now, what can we build for you? Find out by writing for our booklet "Dynamic . . . Diversified." Rockwell-Standard Corporation, Dept. B, 300 Sixth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.



FILTERS • GRATING • LIGHTING STANDARDS • FORGINGS / **ROCKWELL-STANDARD:** MANUFACTURING SPECIALISTS FOR A WIDE WORLD OF INDUSTRY

If you happen to be, or hope to be, president of a gas company you can spend a profitable minute reading about 5 ways Garrett is involved in your business.

Here briefly is what they are:

1. Total Energy Systems.

Garrett has a number of operating installations across the country. The heart of each system is an AiResearch Model 831 industrial gas turbine.

Probably the most famous is the one at the New York World's Fair. A Garrett total energy package is producing 400 cycle power for the brilliant exterior lighting at the



Festival of Gas Pavilion. Gas turbine waste heat is used to air condition the entire pavilion. During a power interruption last summer, this building was the only one to remain lighted and air conditioned because of the Garrett self-contained system.

Another typical application is Garrett's AiResearch Facility, Torrance, California. It generates both 400 and 60 cycle power, and provides air conditioning for a portion of the modern facility including one of the largest employee cafeterias in the area.

2. Total Air Conditioning Systems. Garrett engineers have designed a package which utilizes the AiResearch Model 831 industrial gas turbine to provide shaft driven and waste heat refrigeration as well as electrical power.

3. Total Air Conditioning plus Standby Power.

This Garrett system uses natural gas primarily to provide complete air conditioning.

Yet it is so designed that, in an emergency, it instantly generates 250 kw of power for other uses and still produces 200 tons of cooling for essential areas.

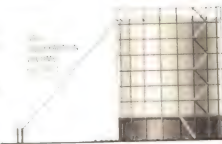
4. Pressure Drop Power Recovery. Here is a concept that utilizes the high-ratio pressure drop across gas distribution lines.

Garrett experience with turbo-expanders led to this system which can produce 400 tons of cooling or 250 kw of electrical power from an otherwise wasted gas "waterfall."

The first installation is going in now on a North Dakota gas line.

5. Gas Liquefaction. Proven Garrett heat exchangers, turbo-expanders, cryogenic containers and controls, go into this system that can reduce one million cubic feet of gas to the volume of a tank 10 feet in diameter and 20 feet long. The liquid gas is stored at cryogenic temperatures.

A Garrett liquefaction plant is



already operating in Los Angeles.

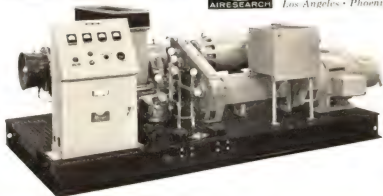
The acceptance by industry of the Garrett concepts has resulted in a significant price reduction for its turbine-powered total energy packages. This reduction makes it possible for Garrett-AiResearch customers to gain the advantages of a gas turbine energy system at operating costs less than those of purchased power.

You can probably think of specific applications for any one of these five Garrett systems. For further information write to: AiResearch Manufacturing Division, 180 N. Aviation Boulevard, El Segundo, California.

Garrett
is experience



Los Angeles • Phoenix



If you open
Ballantine's
famous bottle...

see this
remarkably
light Scotch...



taste
its
pleasing
smooth-
ness
...and
still
don't
like it,



(maybe you
just don't like
remarkably
smooth and
light Scotch.)



If the world looked like this,
and you wanted to buy a car that sticks out a little,
you probably wouldn't buy a Volkswagen Station Wagon.

But in case you haven't noticed, the world doesn't look like this.

So if you've wanted to buy a car that sticks out a little,
you know just what to do.



Chesterfield People:

They like a mild smoke, but just don't like filters. (How about you?)



Felix de Cossio, portrait painter, New York



Robert E. Peay, criminal investigator, Maryland



Ann Foreman, bookkeeper, Texas

If you like a mild smoke, but don't like filters—try today's Chesterfield King. Vintage tobaccos—grown mild, aged mild, blended mild. Made to taste even milder through longer length. They satisfy!

CHESTERFIELD KING tastes great...tastes mild!

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 11

CBS REPORTS (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.): Both Nationalist China's and Red China's positions in the world are assessed by India's Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, Nationalist China's President and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Pakistan's President Ayub Khan, Britain's new Prime Minister Harold Wilson and other leaders.

Thursday, November 12

SOPHIA LOREN IN ROME (ABC, 10-11 p.m.): The beauty that is Italian is on display as Sophia Loren tours the Eternal City, Color.

Friday, November 13

MISS TEEN-AGE AMERICA PAGEANT (CBS, 10-11:30 p.m.): More than 50 adolescent finalists vie for a \$10,000 college scholarship and the honor of wearing the Miss Teen-Age America crown.

Saturday, November 14

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.): Floyd Patterson analyzes the Nov. 16 Liston-Clay Heavyweight Championship Fight.

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS (CBS, 8:30-10 p.m.): In this musical-comedy adaptation of *The Princess and the Pea*, Carol Burnett re-creates her off-Broadway role as a swamp girl who swims the castle moat and is courted by a prince. Richard Rodgers' daughter Mary composed the score.

Sunday, November 15

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30-12 noon): The mysteries of heredity are explored, showing how chromosomes and genes combine to make some blossoms crimson, some cats calico, and each of us what we are.

PROFILES IN COURAGE (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.): The story of Mary S. McDowell, a Latin teacher who, at the beginning of World War I, refused on religious grounds to sign a loyalty oath.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.): Two cartoon productions. The first, *Ben and Me*, is narrated by a mouse who credits himself with originating many of the inspirations for which Ben Franklin is famous; the second, *Peter and the Wolf*, is narrated by Sterling Holloway and brings to life Prokofiev's enchanting music, Color.

SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9 p.m. to conclusion): *Bird Man of Alcatraz*. Burt Lancaster plays Robert Stroud, a convicted murderer whose 43 years of solitary confinement were spent studying and writing about the habits of caged birds.

Tuesday, November 17

THE LOUVRE (NBC, 10-11 p.m.): The greatest of all art treasures, the Louvre, displays its masterpieces and architectural grandeur. Charles Boyer narrates, Color.

THEATER

On Broadway

A SEVERED HEAD, by Iris Murdoch and J. B. Priestley, is a most unusual play to encounter on Broadway. It is a sex farce adapted from a novel by an Oxford Uni-

versity professor of philosophy (Miss Murdoch), and its true subject is the nature of reality. It is acted with uncommon skill, and it is a delectable repast of fun and thought.

OH WHAT A LOVELY WAR. Period songs, sketches, gauze-clad music-hall girls and blown-up film stills have the cumulative impact of an artillery barrage in Joan Littlewood's biting satire on World War I. **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF**. Zero Mostel seems almost to physically expand to fill the stage with yeasty joy, pain and mystery in this musical based on Sholem Aleichem's tales of a poor Jewish dairyman, his family and friends in 1905 Russia.

ABSENCE OF A CELLO is a bright, laugh-every-other-minute comedy demonstrating that a free-spirited scientist cannot be stamped into a cog-sized mold.

Off Broadway

THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY has been boldly extrapolated from the celebrated Janis Thurber story. The youngsters have not been cowed by the sanctity of the master, and the clever lyrics, melodically oriented songs and infectious *joie de vivre* of the cast make this a thoroughly pleasant musical evening.

CAMBRIDGE CIRCUS. A rock-'n'-roll number, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*, spoofing the composer and the Beatles, is one of the highlights of this revue imported from the campus on the Can. The fun flows as seven manic but unassuming Britons set out to tickle a rib rather than wash a brain.

RECORDS

Orchestral

BARTOK: THE MIRACULOUS MANDARIN SUITE (London). Intended for a dance pantomime, this is some of the most unsettling music ever written. A mandarin, lured by a prostitute and mortally stabbed by her accomplices, finds his lust stronger than death and miraculously lives until his passion is spent. Budapest-born George Solti, once a student of Bartok's, whips the London Symphony Orchestra into such a frenzy that the music has the power of a thunderbolt and the illumination of lightning.

RICHARD STRAUSS: SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA (Columbia). Strauss once declared that he found himself as interesting as Napoleon and equally worthy to be the subject of a symphony. He generously included his wife and baby in the scenario when he wrote this tone poem about a day at home. The baby is put to bed as the clock chimes 7 and there is some love music for the happy parents that one imaginative critic has found pornographic. The musical themes are not the most memorable that Strauss ever wrote, but the orchestration is magnificent; and George Solti and the Cleveland Orchestra make the piece glow with color.

SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY NO. 9 (Deutsche Grammophon). Robert Schumann called it the "symphony of heavenly length," and Karl Böhm and the Berlin Philharmonic just let it flow. There is no feeling of thrust; the rhythmic divisions are as natural as breathing; and Schubert's last and greatest symphony emerges clear, bright and grandly melodious.

HANDS: THE TWELVE CONCERTI GROSSI, OPUS 6-14 (P.S. Angel). Using the same

basic means—two violins and a cello set against a small orchestra—Handel achieved widely different moods. Yehudi Menuhin plays one of the violins in the trio and conducts the Bath Festival Orchestra with the same scholarly fidelity and high musical spirits that he displayed in his recent recording of the *Water Music*. Every detail is luxuriously provided for; for example, Virtuoso George Malcolm plays the relatively minor but fundamental role of harpsichord accompanist in four of the concertos.

BRITTEN: YOUNG PERSON'S GUIDE TO THE ORCHESTRA (London) usually has a commentator to introduce the woodwinds, brass, strings and percussion. This performance without words, conducted by the composer, shows that the piece, with its inventive variations on a theme of Purcell's, is more than just a stunt. The virtuosity of the London Symphony Orchestra make the most of their uninterrupted chance to show off. For those who want a spoken explanation, there is also a new version by the Boston Pops, with Hugh Downs emceeing the instruments (RCA Victor).

CINEMA

MY FAIR LADY. Audrey Hepburn seems delightfully right as the cockney flower peddler transformed into a lady by Professor Rex Harrison, and the happy news is that this lush, eye-filling adaptation of the Lerner-Loewe musical delivers a round \$17 million worth of elegant escapism.

TOPKAPI. Melina Mercouri and Peter Ustinov make larceny laughable in Director Jules Dassin's cheerfully amoral comedy about a jewel caper in Istanbul.

WOMAN IN THE DUNES. This powerfully filmed allegory from Japan translates the search for self into a vivid metaphor about a man and a woman endlessly digging to survive in a sandy hellhole.

THE LUCK OF GINGER COFFEY. An affable Irish phone (Robert Shaw) who can't face the truth about himself loses his wife (Mary Ure), who cannot live with a lie.

MARY POPPINS. Amuse a whirl of sticky-sweet Walt Disneyism. Julie Andrews and Dick Van Dyke transform a modern juvenile classic into jolly good fun.

SEDUCED AND ABANDONED. Youthful indiscretions set off a sunny Sicilian nightmare in this savage tragicomedy by Italian Director Pietro Germi (*Divorce—Italian Style*).

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT. In an often hilarious comedy, John, Paul, George and Ringo demonstrate that Beatlemania, taken as they take it—with a grain of salt—can be quite a tolerable affliction.

GIRL WITH GREEN EYES. Britain's Rita Tushingham, shrewdly guided by Director Desmond Davis, brings warmth, wit and wonderful variety to this portrait of an Irish party girl who falls in love with a man more than twice her age.

THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA. At a sunny resort for shady people, Ava Gardner, Richard Burton and Deborah Kerr reach the ends of their ropes while untangling some of Tennessee Williams' best lines.

BOOKS

Best Reading

COLD FRIDAY, by Whittaker Chambers. Looking back on his earnest years at Columbia, his falling out with the Communist party and with the ideologies that shaped his life, Chambers shows warmth

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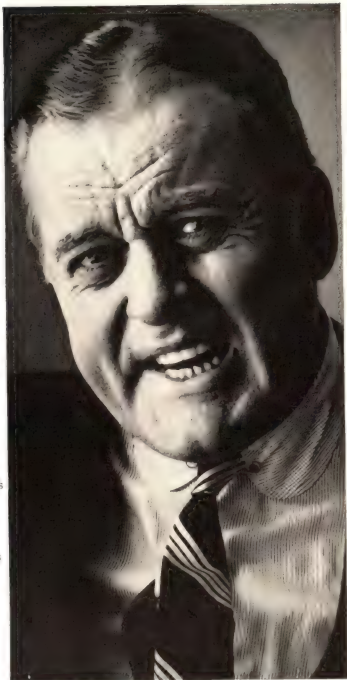
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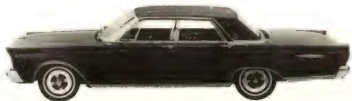
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So I'm henpecked.



Among Imperial's standard accouterments is a master gauge for watching the other gauges

Before you read this advertisement—note that on the opposite page, we call our automobile "Incomparable." By definition, this says Imperial is without peer. The facts below take less than 4 minutes to read. They have direct bearing on our claim.

Some car owners prefer the convenience of warning lights. Others prefer the sensitivity of gauges. Imperial has a happy solution. While its gauges mind the oil, water and fuel—a new Sentry Signal monitors the gauges. A warning lamp cautions, "check gauges," if one of them requires attention.

Eerie silence at 70 m.p.h.

Imperial is the quietest luxury car currently being built in this country. This was achieved by employing new techniques of acoustics engineering to search out and eradicate road noise.

As a result, rubber body mount cushions are designed and positioned to actually tune out road noise. Two constant velocity universal joints are used to absorb speed and force fluctuations coming from the drive line.

At 70 m.p.h. the interworking of thousands of Imperial's moving parts is scarcely audible.

Size: no compromise

Imperial is one of the most spacious automobiles built in America. It shares its body shell with no lesser cars. Thus, interior shoulder room and hip room in most models exceeds five feet in both front and rear compartments.

A flitch of luxury

The claret walnut used within an Imperial is found only in Northwestern United States and Eastern Kashmir.

Flitches (thin wood slices to be used as inlays) are examined for color, consistency and strong directional grain.

The walnut which survives this scrutiny is then generously inlaid across the breadth of the instrument panel, the steering wheel, and along front and rear door wallscoting on most models.

Obsession with engineering

Imperial is considered by many experts to be the most roadworthy luxury car in the world.

Its suspension system employs torsion-bar front springing, synchronized with widely-spaced rear leaf springs.

That is why Imperial so effectively resists the

strongest crosswinds—even at maximum expressway speeds.

Imperial's three-speed torque-converter automatic transmission is probably the most responsive available on any automobile. Coupled with a powerful V-8, it has repeatedly delivered zero to sixty miles per hour in approximately twelve seconds.

Molecular rearrangement

The body of an Imperial undergoes a thirteen-step rust-preventive treatment.

Some of the initial solutions used are so potent, they actually increase the steel's resistance to corrosion by changing the molecular structure of its surface.

The paint finish is six coats deep. The last coat of acrylic enamel undergoes a special machine-buffing process to provide a lasting luster.

Elite quality-control corps

Separate corps of inspectors subject Imperial to more than 1,650 quality-control evaluations in final assembly phases alone.

It is then driven to a special road-test and inspection center. There, a separate team conducts further trial-runs and inspections before the car is finally approved.

Standard equipment

Imperial offers an exceptionally broad range of standard equipment features including: Power steering. Power brakes. Power windows. Power vent windows. Heater and defroster. A master gauge that indicates when your other gauges need attention. Plus 35 other items.

Imperial's choice of models includes the traditionally conservative, well-appointed Crown Four-Door; the two-door Crown Coupe—a personal car with youthful formality; a leather-upholstered Crown Convertible; and the LeBaron, the ultimate in production-car luxury.

The Imperial Crown Ghia, an eight-passenger limousine with hand coachwork performed by Carrozzeria Ghia of Italy, is also available on special order.

Make us prove it

For a copy of the full-color, twenty-page Imperial brochure, please send your request on your letterhead to Imperial Division, Advertising Dept., 12200 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Michigan 48231.

If, on the other hand, you wish to test-drive the Imperial as soon as possible—we suggest you telephone the dealer in your neighborhood today.

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In fact, we work at it.

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it possible for us to give you high quality at the lowest possible price. It's the kind of quality that used to be available to the relatively few people who could spend a small fortune.

What's your pleasure? Provincial, Traditional, Early American, Contemporary or Mediterranean . . . you'll find them all in fine furniture by Drexel.

Come see for yourself. Discover how little it will cost to live as well as you'd like to . . . with Drexel.

Got the message? Good! Now get Drexel!

This is Repertoire[®], one of Drexel's newest collections, in which the richly veneered construction of authentic Italian Regency designs creates a look of exceptional elegance. But it's not nearly as expensive as it looks! The yellow upholstered chair in the foreground, for example, is approximately \$169. See your Drexel dealer—sure to be one of the better stores in town.



Drexel
... the most trusted name in furniture
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For Drexel's booklet collection of famous furniture styles, send 50¢ to Drexel Furniture Company, 254 Huffman Road, Drexel, N. C.

and detachment missing from *Witness*. In particular, the intellectual zeal of the thirties, which demanded that an idea become conviction and that conviction turn into action, comes alive through Chambers' reconsideration of his motives and acts.

SHADOW AND ACT, by Ralph Ellison. The author of *The Invisible Man* turns his attention to the situation of the Negro in America, but is wise enough to reject easy solutions or histrionic demands.

OF POETRY AND POWER, edited by Edwin Gluck and Paul Schaber. A collection of poems written about the death of President Kennedy. The contributors and their feelings range from religious poetry through existential stoicism to beat anger.

MARKINGS, by Dag Hammarskjöld. The late U.N. diplomat kept constant counsel with himself throughout his demanding life by recording the outlines of his mind and soul in these journals. It is an astonishing and often eloquent testament of a God-obsessed Christian who measured his actions against his creed.

FOR THE UNION DEAD, by Robert Lowell. These very personal poems reflect Lowell's old preoccupations—madness, genius, love—but the despair of his anguished early work has been replaced by a balance that adds a new dimension to Lowell's already considerable powers.

THE BRIGADIER AND THE GOLF WIDOW, by John Cheever. In these short stories, the author keeps a strangle hold on his own creatures of exurbia: the proletariat of vice presidents, the charming, irrelevant aristocracy and the winning eccentrics who compose swimming-pool society.

HERZOG, by Saul Bellow. A complex, demanding novel about divorce, a custody case, and a gentle man's slow recovery from the brutalization of both. Bellow's writing is consistently brilliant, but his extended reveries slow the pace and keep it from being a unified work.

THE WORDS, by Jean-Paul Sartre. Always a brilliant but negative thinker, Sartre has focused his critical power on himself as a child, and dislikes what he sees. From this graceful, simple memoir, the cast of a powerful, angry mind that was to reject all symbols of tradition, from God to the Nobel Prize, can easily be traced.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Herzog, Bellow (1 last week)
2. The Rector of Justin, Auchincloss (3)
3. Candy, Southern and Hoffenberg (2)
4. The Spy Who Came In from the Cold, Le Carré (4)
5. This Rough Magic, Stewart (5)
6. Julian, Vidal (6)
7. Armageddon, Uris (7)
8. You Only Live Twice, Fleming (9)
9. The Man, Wallace (8)
10. The Lost City, Gunther (10)

NONFICTION

1. Reminiscences, MacArthur (1)
2. My Autobiography, Chaplin (2)
3. The Italians, Barzini (3)
4. A Tribute to John F. Kennedy, Salinger and Vanocur (4)
5. The Kennedy Whi, Adler (5)
6. The Warren Commission Report (8)
7. The Invisible Government, Wise and Ross
8. Markings, Hammarskjöld
9. A Moveable Feast, Hemingway (7)
10. Four Days, U.P.I. and American Heritage (9)



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Modern data processing achieves miracles in reducing mountains of paperwork to compact "molehills" of cards or tapes.

But what then? How do you move that compressed data across town or across country?

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Bell System DATA-PHONE service can transmit it over regular telephone lines at great speed—and at regular phone-call rates.

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Bell System

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Introducing a bright new symbol for a fine old name

**It's a sign of New York Life's continuing efforts to
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Since its founding in 1845 New York Life has been known by various symbols. An early trademark, suggesting protection of the family, depicted an eagle feeding its young. Later, the company adopted an intricate monogram. In 1954, an oval mark enclosing the acronym "Nylic" was introduced.

Recent study has shown, however, that throughout the United States and Canada we are far better known as "New York Life." Hence, the new trademark. In style it connotes some of the qualities that have made New York Life one of the largest corporations in the world—integrity, financial strength, dependability, progressiveness, efficiency.

Classic in origin, the lettering and the modified square shape of the new trademark denote a sense of permanence and stability in keeping with the enduring nature of New York Life and the services it offers.

In the years ahead, you'll be seeing much more of this trademark. Wherever you see this new emblem, your local New York Life Agent is ready to serve you. His training, his experience, his helpfulness in providing financial security make him a good man to know!

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In Canada: 443 University Avenue, Toronto

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All your washables look nicer, wear better,
last longer with Culligan soft water*



**And when we say all, we mean all*

Wigs, too? Yes. If your beauty operator washed wigs, he'd use soft water. This is understandable. Any washing product—soap, detergent, or special formula—works better in Culligan water than in hard water. For example, mild soap used in our filtered soft water is kind to your skin and complexion. It's perfect for hand-washing delicate lingerie. Yet it packs authoritative, efficient cleansing power for blue jean laundering. That's why leading manufacturers of water-using appliances recommend soft water. So call and say "Hey Culligan Man!" You'll find that even people look nicer, wear better, last longer with Culligan soft water.



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Men: A warning: This Ford Country Squire will carry 4 x 8' sheets of plywood lying flat, a pack of cub scouts (about 10, using the new facing rear seats!) And enough gardening supplies to ruin a month of weekends!

Women: A warning: It will also carry a duckboat, outboard, and a brace of dogs. Or a foursome, carts and golf bags. We hardly dare mention camping gear—but there's about 100 cubic feet of load space.

Best gear yet to go Ford!
Test Drive Total Performance 665

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The shirt: Arrow Decton Gabanaro. The place: Toledo. This historic Spanish city hasn't changed much since El Greco painted it back in the 17th Century. You're awed by it all. The trip was worth it. It was a comfortable ride. Your Arrow Decton Gabanaro added to the comfort. A perfectly proportioned sport shirt in a perfect Dacron® polyester and cotton wash-and-wear. Collar fits naturally. Cuffs don't tug because sleeve length is your exact size. "Sanforized-Plus" label. \$6.95, many colors. As you head back, your horse breaks into a wild gallop and you don't know the Spanish for "Whoa!"

WHEREVER YOU GO

YOU LOOK BETTER IN **-ARROW-**



LETTERS

Election Coverage

Sir: I was particularly impressed by your Election Extra [Nov. 4] because you did it so smoothly and well. As a publisher, I appreciate the extra effort of every member of your staff—and the fantastic cost.

DOUGLAS CRANE
Publisher, West Coast Edition

Plasfall
Los Angeles

Sir: Your state-by-state presidential countdown [Oct. 30] proved to be extremely accurate. All the states were called correctly except Georgia and Wyoming. Also, your predicted electoral vote was almost on the nose. Truly a job well done.

JERRY P. COHEN

Brooklyn

TIME's predicted electoral vote: 495-43
Actual vote: 486-52—14

Man with a Mandate

Sir: We got our choice—he got his echo.

RICHARD A. REISINGER

Easthampton, Mass.

Sir: I am proud of my country, not only for rejecting racism and extremism, but for giving a mandate to Johnson to create those programs so desperately needed by all Americans. I'm confident that he will prove to be a great President.

ROSEMARY FAIRBANKS

New York City

Sir: Barry Goldwater promised the people the greatest upset in American politics. He kept his promise. He upset the American people so much that they went to the polls in overwhelming numbers to cast their ballots for Lyndon B. Johnson.

DIANE L. GALLAGHER

Wood-Ridge, N.J.

Sir: Probably the worst disservice of the Goldwater candidacy was to compel the overwhelming majority of American voters to give Lyndon Johnson a victory that, as history will note, he did not deserve.

(Mrs.) REGINA M. ZACHARIAS

Boulder, Colo.

Sir: Senator Goldwater convinced me that he is honest, sincere and moral. Sheer terror overwhelmed me when I considered his possible election.

MARJORIE BEATY

New York City

Sir: Mr. Goldwater succeeded in at least one thing. He succeeded in undermining

the respect for the man the American people must elect President.

ARTHUR P. LUSBY

Providence

Sir: Since extremism in the expression of one's mind is no vice, I am extremely elated that Barry Goldwater and all he stands for have been so roundly rebuked.

BENTON BERMAN

Bloomfield, Conn.

Sir: Pity the beloved protector of our "Great Society!" He has 1,460 nights to go wondering whether those 26 million voters will ever love him.

A. J. VALOIS

North Andover, Mass.

Grand Old Tattered Party

Sir: In '68, Scranton, Romney, Murphy, Knowles, please, let's have a chance—to hell with the choice.

GEORGE A. PARKINS III

Mount Prospect, Ill.

Sir: I hope that all Republicans, independents, and enlightened Democrats will get their Romney buttons now and avoid the rush later.

THOMAS E. KLUNZINGER

East Lansing, Mich.

Sir: It is still almost inconceivable that a large group of intelligent Republican delegates would meet at San Francisco and overwhelmingly nominate a weird and controversial character. There ought to be, there must be, a better way of selecting candidates for national office.

J. F. WILLIETT

DeKalb, Ill.

Sir: I understand that Rockefeller, Scranton and Romney are meeting to rebuild the Party. These men are responsible for tearing it down—they did not support the convention's choice. Now 26 million people will never support them. We conservatives will form our own party. Let them join the Democrats—they can't win without us. We are resting a few days; we will get busy again. We will fight Johnson's "Great Society" (socialism) forever!

(Mrs.) BETTY C. HIRSHSTEIN

Columbus

Sir: It should now be clear that the cloak of extremism must be shed, and conservatism should act as a brake, not an engine. It is insulting to America to make pompous, chauvinistic claims of patriotism that imply that all others are traitors. It is hypocritical to blent for more freedoms

What
can a man
possibly
say
when the woman
he loves
is
strikingly
beautiful,
outrageously
wealthy
and
wears
Fleurs de Rocaille
by Caron?

"I do."



Fleurs de Rocaille
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classic fragrances by
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Who put the Green Stripe on a Scotch whisky?

Andrew Usher did, a bit of an individualist. • He made the first really light Scotch in 1853, and to set it apart he gave it the Green Stripe. People liked Usher's light smooth whisky, and news about it spread. Years later a lot of distillers began making light Scotch, but nobody ever made one better. • Green Stripe doesn't cost you anything more.

Blended Scotch Whisky. 86.8 Proof. ©1964 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N. Y.

and at the same time force minorities to enter the back door of society. The traditional role of a conservative is to act as a sea anchor on the ship of state, keeping it pointed in the proper direction but not halting its forward progress. Nations are known by whether or not they think their best days lie ahead or in the past. Let's get to work on the problems of the future.

K. L. JOHNSON

San Jose, Calif.

Those Dragged Down

Sir: The greatest tragedy of Nov. 3 was not Goldwater's defeat, but the irreparable damage to the Republican Party in the unnecessary election losses by many fine and capable G.O.P. public servants, who were dragged down in defeat with him. One man—who led a minority faction of the party—hurt so many good Republicans who were deserving of better fates.

CARROLL W. LUCAS

Wyckoff, N.J.

Sir: Re Salinger and Murphy! It just goes to show that it is more important to know Shirley Temple than it is to know Caroline Kennedy.

MRS. HAROLD LANDSMAN

Chicago

Sir: You are so right when you say Percy was a "highly touted comer"—by you and the Chicago newspapers. But Kerner gained the support of powerful downstate newspapers and many normally Republican voters. Mr. Percy and his backers can only blame their loss upon the fact that the majority of the voters believe that Kerner has done a good job. Percy couldn't convince them otherwise—in fact he wore out his welcome downstate.

MARGUERITE A. PORTER

Evanston, Ill.

Sir: According to our latest poll (C.B.S.—Carpetbagger Survey), most states will have to wait at least 20 years before there are enough Kennedys to go around.

R. J. HAMILTON

Philadelphia

Urban Renewal

Sir: In this period of controversy about urban renewal, your cover story [Nov. 6] was outstanding. By emphasizing the role of city planning, you make a signal contribution—one which is yet to be fully appreciated or adequately emulated. I especially appreciated your stress upon local action and local programs, for it is at the local level that urban renewal must succeed or fail.

ROBERT C. WEAVER

Administrator

Housing and Home Finance Agency
Washington

Sir: The Urban Renewal Project River Park in Washington, D.C., shown in color was designed by us. You insult the architectural profession when you lead the American people to believe that these projects are created anonymously.

CHARLES M. GOODMAN

Charles M. Goodman Associates,
Architects
Washington

Sir: Scores of cities not mentioned in the limited space available for your report are getting results comparable to those of Philadelphia, etc. Too few, however, have men comparable to Ed Bacon to guide their efforts. With many, their leadership springs from voluntary citizen action, chiefly among forward-looking business-

*Opens any standard size or shape can at a touch.
Sharpens knives with professional results, too.
It's General Electric's new automatic can opener.*

Magnet
holds lid
from
falling
into open
can.

Just press a button.
Pierces and opens
automatically.
No jagged
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Compact—takes
little counter space.
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Turn one screw—cutter
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Sharpens knives
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General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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(Hundreds of passengers
tell us there is)

They say that Braniff people are a little friendlier, a little more attentive, a lot more helpful. They say this is delightful, and *different*. Why not see if you agree. Braniff flies to Texas from almost anywhere . . . between leading Midwest and Southwest cities . . . to Mexico and to South America. Next time enjoy Braniff (*the airline passengers say is different*).



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to South America,
Mexico and leading U.S. cities

[illegible]



Four great masculine fragrances. The Yardley one is brand new.

It's called Yardley Black Label After Shave. It does not smell like flowers. It does not smell like spice.

It does not smell like anything your wife would wear. (She'll love it. But she won't steal it.)

Black Label is a vigorous, pungent fragrance, designed for the modern man.

We've instilled it in an after shave that does the most

possible good for your skin. (Helps heal nicks, prevent infection. Keeps skin lubricated, moist, comfortable after shaving.)

If you'd like to try it, buy a bottle. (5-1 plus tax.) Use it for a couple of weeks. If you don't like it—send it back and we'll return your money.

We won't be mad. Just surprised. **Yardley**

POWDER
VALLEY
ROAD



Pontiac Bonneville Brougham

The GM '65s: Proved all around on the world's truest proving grounds!

Long before they went into production, we set ourselves to the task of proving our '65s at the GM proving ground facilities. The long way, the hard way, the right way — the way you use them.

We tested how well our cars will handle over every kind of road. Over steep mountain grades, pebbly asphalt, chuckholes, country backroads, sleek highways, worn city streets. Through blasts from crosswinds in the morning, through salt baths at noon, and around speed walls in the middle of the night. We put engines through cold start tests in the dead of a Michigan winter, and left engines idling in open stalls under the Arizona summer sun. We put fabrics through tests and brakes through tests.

In short, we put cars through road tests that would make coats of normal driving seem mild by comparison.

And through lab tests that make the road testing seem mild by comparison.

And when the final shakedown cruises were completed and all was said and done, we know we had what we were looking for. The cars that you are looking for. Cars that have been proved all around on the world's truest proving grounds. To make them not only worth more when you buy them and as you drive them, but likely to be worth more in dollars and cents when you trade them in.

Chevrolet • Pontiac • Oldsmobile • Buick • Cadillac
With Buick by Eelcar

General Motors cars are proved all around the clock, all around the calendar, all around the country, all around the car.

Oldsmobile Dynamic 88

CIRCULAR
TRACK





Buick Le Sabre



Cadillac Sedan de Ville



Chevrolet Impala Convertible





"Never wear a white shirt before sundown!" says Hathaway. After sundown? Wear this. About \$41.

"Every man should own at least one opulent white shirt" —says Hathaway

THE smartest thing you can wear for grand occasions is a crisp white shirt. But it should be unabashedly *opulent*—like the one in our picture.

Hathaway calls it the *Avenue* shirt. It looks and feels mysteriously like silk. Yet it is far more practical, and far less expensive.

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Best of all, it tailors *superbly*. Even Hathaway's finicky cutters were impressed. This new fabric, they thought, deserves a new collar. So they invented

one. Note the slightly longer points, with their discreet spread. Marvelously dressy—especially with a dark suit.

For names of stores and this free *Dictionary of Shirts and Shirtings*, write C. F. Hathaway, Waterville, Maine. Or in New York, call OXford 7-5566.

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TIME. NOVEMBER 13, 1964



**She's convincing three friends to leave home—
and she's not a homewrecker!**

Actually, she's helping make their marriages happier. She's inviting them to take a bowling break this afternoon.

She knows there's nothing like it to put sparkle into their everyday routine. Bowling

offers friendly competition, easy exercise in bright, modern surroundings...and lots of fun.

Everything in bowling adds up to a refreshing change-of-pace, the kind that will help you do a better job at home.

Try it and see! Some afternoon this week, call up a few friends and go bowling. You'll return home sparkling!

For the best in bowling, look for the Magic Triangle.



American Machine & Foundry Company

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

November 13, 1964 Vol. 84, No. 20

THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

"The Work That Faces Us"

Still grey with campaign fatigue, some 150 newsmen and White House staffers loped around the L.B.J. ranch at L.B.J.'s heels. Victory—vast victory—had cleared the President's face of its recent worried lines; he seemed fresh as a daisy and frisky as a colt.

In the hip pocket of his tan twill trousers, Lyndon carried Barry Goldwater's belated and somewhat snarly telegram of concession. It said: "Congratulations on your victory. There is much to be done with Viet Nam, Cuba, the problem of law and order in this country, and a productive economy. Communism remains our No. 1 obstacle to peace, and I know that all Americans will join with you in honest solutions to these problems." The President had replied in good nature that he could well afford: "I thank you for your expressed desire to cooperate in the work that faces us all in the days and weeks ahead."

Sundown & a Cedar Fire. Vice President-elect Hubert Humphrey, just arrived at the ranch from Minneapolis, clumped gamely along at Johnson's side, wearing a pair of size 11 cowboy boots on his size 8 feet and a five-gallon hat on what appeared to be a six-gallon head. Just as manfully, he smacked his lips with great gusto after partaking of barbecued spareribs. The President called for a couple of horses, mounted one, and suggested that Hubert climb aboard the other.

Humphrey proved to be a better equestrian than onetime Press Secretary Pierre Salinger had been—but not by much. After the ride, he returned to terra firma with a heavy sigh of relief, announced that he would do anything for Johnson but: "No more horses."

The President haw-hawed, later shepherded a few people, including Hubert and Muriel Humphrey, on a leisurely sundown tour of the ranch, drawled contentedly about the soil, the rain, and the virtues of the U.S. voter. At the ranch after dinner, Lyndon and Hubert kidded about their pre-election predictions: Johnson had said 44 states for the Democrats, Humphrey had guessed 45. Depending on how Arizona came out, either could have been right. Anyhow, they had a most amicable jawing session in front of a blazing cedar fire until well after midnight.

But all good things must come to an end. After only a few hours of sleep, Johnson was at his massive mahogany desk at the ranch, dealing with problems that had been deferred until election's end, talking by telephone to Secretary of State Rusk and Defense Secretary McNamara about fresh outbursts of long-burning problems.

Some Static. It almost seemed as though the world had waited for the U.S. election results to resume its normal hell raising. In South Viet Nam, the new civilian government began to break apart less than 24 hours after it was formed. De Gaulle's France warned that a U.S.-sponsored multilateral nuclear force including West Germany would be considered as an affront to France and demanded a reorganization of NATO itself. In Berlin, the Russians set off a small dispute about commercial airlines' use of air corridors over East Germany. And in Moscow, the new Soviet regime gave a warm welcome to Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai when he arrived to help celebrate the 47th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution (see cover story in *THE WORLD*).

At home, there was some static too. United Auto Workers struck nine Ford Co. plants, affecting 25,500 workers.

Militant labor leaders are expected to lobby hard in the liberal 89th Congress to amend the Taft-Hartley law so that state right-to-work laws can be abolished. This would infuriate some segments of business, and Lyndon's dilemma will be to try to satisfy both sides.

On the civil rights front, Martin Luther King Jr. announced that the pre-election moratorium on demonstrations was over, and he was ready to attack in Alabama and Mississippi. Said King: "Now that the election's over, we will naturally move back into some of the areas where we have been working to be sure that the civil rights bill has been implemented in all of its dimensions."

Task Forces at Work. Beyond these immediate points of concern, Johnson must get on to the weighty business of drawing up next year's budget and drafting legislation for the new Congress. Within the month, stacks of detailed reports will begin to pile up on his desk. Platoons of specialized task forces have been working for months to compile information on subjects ranging from civil rights to U.S. transportation tangles.

All these reports relate to Johnson's vision of "The Great Society," which he will now have to reflect on and then expand in his State of the Union message.



JOHNSON & HUMPHREY AT L.B.J. BARBECUE
All in his hip pocket.



HE SHOT THE ARROWS INTO THE AIR AND...

REPUBLICANS

In There Fighting

Republicans, at long last, were really in there fighting with tooth and nail. There was only one problem: in all too typical, traditional style, they were doing all the fighting among themselves, not against the Democrats.

In the depths of disaster, the big pitch of the party consensus was to remove not only Barry Goldwater but all of his henchmen from any position of power in the Republican hierarchy.

"This Goldwater ideology, the thing he called conservatism was beaten," cried Kansas' outgoing Republican Governor John Anderson, who did not stand for re-election. "It lost in every state. In the South, prejudice voted, not his philosophy, and in Arizona they voted home-town. These Goldwater people have got to roll over. They're beaten." Kentucky's Senator Thruston Morton, a former Republican National Committee chairman who paid loyal lip service to Barry during the presidential campaign, said that if the Goldwaters don't get out of the way, "there probably will be some blood spattered around."

Avoiding Labels. Barry Goldwater did not appear to be at all anxious to remove himself from the pinnacle of G.O.P. leadership and influence. In a post-election statement, he made the point that "more than 25 million people" had voted "not necessarily for me, but for a philosophy that I represent, a Republican philosophy that I believe the Republican Party must cling to and strengthen in the years ahead." Concluded Barry: "Being unemployed as of January 3 or thereabouts, I'll have a lot of time to devote to this party, to its leadership, and to the strengthening of the party, and I have every intention of so doing."

Among moderate Republicans, there were all sorts of plans and plots to take over once again control of the party machinery—and philosophy. At the instigation of Idaho's Governor

Robert Smylie, Michigan's George Romney, and Rhode Island's John Chafee, the 17 Republican Governors and Governors-elect have tentatively scheduled an early December meeting to talk over ways of revitalizing the G.O.P. as a party of moderation, dedicated to peace, prosperity, private enterprise and individual initiative.

But there seemed to be no great degree of agreement even among the moderates themselves as to how all this revitalization should be accomplished. The reason was simple enough: the Republican Party no longer has any real sense of itself as a party; it is, rather, a conflicting conglomeration of ideas, ideals, factions, and personal ambitions. George Romney won in Michigan; but he not only refused to endorse Barry Goldwater, he refrained insofar as it was possible for him to do it from using the word "Republican" in any way. In a post-election statement, Romney called for "unity" and declared that he did not want to be known as a liberal-moderate. "I have undertaken to avoid labels," he said. "I would like to have people judge me by what I stand for on specific issues. I would like to be as conservative as the Constitution of the United States, as progressive as Theodore Roosevelt, and as liberal as Abraham Lincoln."

Spitting Match. Before Republican moderates undertake the bruising task of kicking Goldwaters out of the party, they ought to reach some consensus on where they themselves stand. In the days immediately following the election, such a consensus was obviously lacking. One result was an unseemly long-distance spitting match between former Vice President Richard Nixon and New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller. In Manhattan, Nixon held a press conference, called for party unity and a moratorium on intraparty "backbiting," then lashed out at Rocky for having given

Goldwater less than enthusiastic support, describing Rockefeller as a "spoilsport" and the Republican Party's "principal divider."

Rockefeller was vacationing in Madrid, and the rain in Spain fell lightly on his pain, Nixon's "peevish post-election utterance," he replied, was "hardly calculated to advance" Republican Party unity. But Rocky also managed to put his finger squarely on the real Republican problem. "We don't have a Republican Party right now," he said. "We have 50 Republican parties."

Diddley-Do. The distance between the extremes of the Republican Party is no greater than it is in the Democratic Party. But Democrats have always been able to reconcile their differences in the name of the party—partly because those Democrats with some of the most backward principles have been the very ones who have continually won at the polls and provided the party with a power base for 100 years. Why Republicans don't have this similar sense of party feeling has been debated for the better part of a century. One recent reason is that the only President the G.O.P. has had in the last 32 years, Dwight Eisenhower, was a great popular leader with very little sense of party organization. As Al Landon said last week, he was "a war hero who didn't know diddley-do about politics."

At the moment, the G.O.P. is adrift, shorn of power and torn from its philosophical moorings. If it is to recapture power in Congress and the White House, it can do one of two things. It can permit itself to be captured by a magnetic leader who will sweep all before him, and pull a lot of Republicans in with him. Or it can develop, train and inspire thousands of candidates for all offices—local, state and national—who can honestly and conscientiously make "the party" a vital part of a trinity that includes principles and country.



EISENHOWER



NIXON



ROCKEFELLER

The sense of the party: a conflicting conglomeration.

THE CABINET

Shuffles

No sooner had Lyndon Johnson succeeded to the presidency than speculation started about what changes he would make in the Kennedy Cabinet; so far he has made none, the only departure being that of Bobby Kennedy, who resigned from the Justice Department to run for Senator in New York.

Last week, in the wake of Lyndon's election, the speculation inevitably was revived. But it remains unlikely that there will be wholesale changes in the near future.

Defense Secretary Robert McNamara was a storm center during the campaign, but he is a take-charge man after Johnson's own heart, has mastered the Pentagon bureaucracy as has no Defense Secretary before him, and of all the Cabinet officers probably stands highest with the President. Secretary of State Dean Rusk has made soft sounds about leaving for financial reasons, but the President likes him and he will probably stay on for a while.

Treasury Secretary Douglas Dillon, the Cabinet's only Republican, also has talked about leaving Washington, but it probably won't happen soon. Moving up in Johnson's esteem is Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, who pitched in to help write Lyndon's "prosperity" speeches during the campaign. Similarly Commerce Secretary Luther Hodges campaigned for Johnson in North Carolina, where he used to be Governor, and can probably stay on for as long as he likes.

On the other hand, Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman has long since wearied of his frustrating job, and will presumably be replaced. To promote and administer his anti-poverty, medicare and aid-to-education programs, Johnson may want someone of higher caliber than Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Anthony Celebrezze. Interior Secretary Stewart Udall all too enthusiastically supported Kennedy for President against Johnson in 1960, and may soon be taking leave of his department. Postmaster General John Gronouski was strictly a Kennedy political appointee; Johnson will probably make his own political appointment.

That still leaves the Attorney General's job open. If Johnson does not name Acting Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, a Bobby protégé, to the permanent job, the most likely man is Houston Lawyer Leon Jaworski, 59, a longtime Lyndon pal.

THE VOTE

The Figures

Half the fun of elections is fiddling around with the figures afterward. Last week there were plenty of fascinating figures to fiddle with.

About 69,169,000 people voted for President. They represented 78% of the total registered vote, and 60% of the

U.S. population of voting age. The popular vote broke the 1960 record of 68,839,000, but it was not so impressive as it sounds, considering population growth (this was the presidential year that the World War II babies came of age) and the fact that the District of Columbia, voting for the first time, added 195,874 to the total (167,373 for Johnson, 28,501 for Goldwater).

Johnson won history's greatest popular vote—42,328,350 compared with Eisenhower's 35,590,000 in 1956. He also set a record for the biggest plurality, 15,688,172 as against Franklin Roosevelt's 11,078,000 in 1936. Johnson's 61.2% of the popular vote topped



"YOU MEAN, AFTER ALL YOUR POLITICAL HARANGUES, YOU DIDN'T VOTE?"

F.D.R.'s 60.8% in 1936 and Harding's 60.4% in 1920.

For the first time ever, Vermont went Democratic and Georgia went Republican. Alabama and Mississippi were carried by a Republican for the first time since 1872. South Carolina for the first time since 1876. Maine voted for a Democrat for President for the second time in its history; the other occasion was 1912, the year of the Bull Moose split in the G.O.P.

Students of ticket splitting will be engaged for months by the 1964 statistics. In Massachusetts, Johnson had a 1,100,000 plurality, Democrat Teddy Kennedy one of 1,000,000; but Republican Attorney General Edward Brooke, the nation's highest elected Negro state official, won by 750,000, and Republican John Volpe was still clinging to a narrow lead for Governor. In California, Johnson won by 1,200,000, but G.O.P. Senate Candidate George Murphy was elected by 200,000. In Michigan, Johnson had a 1,000,000 plurality, and Republican Governor George Romney won by 395,000. In Rhode Island, Johnson's plurality was 230,000. Democratic Senator John Pastore was 308,419, but Republican Governor John Chafee won by a comfortable 85,604. In New York, Johnson buried Goldwater by 2,400,000

votes, while Bobby Kennedy defeated Republican Senator Kenneth Keating by what seemed, under the circumstances, a piddling 627,795.

And so the ticket splitting went—in Kansas, Vermont, Oklahoma, South Dakota, Washington, Delaware, Wisconsin, Montana, Pennsylvania. One of these days the statisticians will compute the percentage of voters who split their tickets, and the figure should be remarkable.

THE CONGRESS

The Liberal House

Shortly before the Republican National Convention last summer, 54 conservative Republican Congressmen signed a statement urging the nomination of Barry Goldwater, arguing that his candidacy would aid Republican candidates throughout the U.S. When the new Congress convenes in January, at least 23 of those Representatives will be among the missing, either through defeat or retirement.

The next House of Representatives seems certain to be the most liberal since the early years of President Roosevelt. The Democrats, by seizing 47 Republican seats while losing to just ten G.O.P. challengers, scored a net gain of 37. The new House thus will be dominated by Democrats by at least 294 to 138—better than a two-thirds majority.

Greater than Indicated. Impressive as they are, even these figures do not signify the full extent of the ideological shift. A majority of the defeated Republicans are conservatives who could rarely be enticed to support a Johnson Administration bill. Seven unelected Republicans in New York were conservatives, including such unbudgeable veterans as Katharine St. George and Steven Derouin. Texas lost its only Republican Congressman, Goldwater-styled Bruce Alger and Ed Foreman. Five of Iowa's six Republican seats, held mostly by conservatives, slipped away; the survivor was H. R. Gross (TIME, June 15, 1962), who has won a reputation more as an anti-spendthrift than a conservative. On the other hand, many of the G.O.P. survivors are moderates who remained aloof from Goldwater and will vote with the Johnson Administration a good part of the time. They include such potentials toward higher office as Manhattan's John Lindsay, Minnesota's Clark MacGregor, Massachusetts' Silvio Conte and F. Bradford Morse.

The liberal gain is also greater than the Democratic pickup of 37 seats would indicate, since seven of the ten districts taken over by Republicans are in the Deep South, including five in Alabama. At least four of these Southern seats were held by conservative Democrats who consistently voted against

—The results in three races are still uncertain: Missouri's Seventh, New York's 9th, and the At-Large seat in Alaska.

the Administration, just as their G.O.P. replacements will do.

Victory Euphoria. Basking in the sunny prospects of what such a majority could produce, some Democrats are predicting that the new House—and the Democratic-dominated Senate—will submit meekly to L.B.J.'s every whimsy. Where the Administration could count on only about 170 sure House votes on major bills in the past session, and such measures as medicare, grants for school construction and expansion of area redevelopment were blocked. Democratic leaders expect to be able to deliver some 220 votes (218 is a majority) with certainty in the new House. In their victory euphoria, some even foresee a runaway House that might embark on congressional reform and propose welfare legislation on its own—thus proving to be even too liberal for Johnson's taste.

Actually, the Democratic emphasis on nose counting overlooks one stubborn fact: bills still must get out of committee before those floor votes can be cast—and the committees are still considerably dominated by Southern Democrats. Not even the L.B.J. landslide is likely to make Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills like medicare, or good Rules Chairman Howard Smith into smoothing the legislative path of liberal bills toward the House floor. Moreover, as Franklin D. Roosevelt discovered after 1936, an overwhelming legislative majority could just prove unpredictably independent of the man in the White House.

OHIO

What Beat Taft

Hardly had he been declared the winner in his fight against Robert Taft Jr. than Ohio's Democratic Senator Stephen Young announced that he was retiring from politics—in 1970 when his new term will be up and he will be 81.

There were those in Ohio last week who wished that Young had kept a similar promise made after the 1958 election. Among the disappointed, of course, was Congressman Taft, 47, who had hoped to follow in the Senate footsteps of his illustrious father.

What did Taft in, of course, was Goldwater. While he counted himself a Goldwater man in many respects, he also differed publicly from Barry on such issues as civil rights and the nuclear test ban treaty. But not quite enough Ohioans saw the distinction, and Young helped blur it by constantly tying Taft to Goldwater's handwagon, "I am against Birch, Barry and Bob." Young would say, "Goldwaterism, Taft Juniorism and extremism are all the same commodity."

There was one other major factor: organized labor's thirst for revenge against the son of the man who co-sponsored the Taft-Hartley Law in 1947.

Heavily unionized areas, such as Lucas County (Toledo), bludgeoned Taft by giving Young a 33,000-vote plurality out of 179,900 votes; Nixon lost that county by only 8,000 votes. Said young Bob in an election post-mortem: "The organized-labor vote was very effective in the Ohio campaign. It was just about the whole campaign organization. I suspect they were effective because they stayed behind the scenes and ran things quietly."

WASHINGTON

Dan Evans, That's Who

In his campaign to win a third consecutive four-year term as Washington's Governor, Democrat Albert ("Rosy") Rosellini took big advertisements in the newspapers showing the President of the U.S. talking on the telephone. "Dan who?" said the caption be-



WASHINGTON'S EVANS
Guts and a good program.

neath the picture of Lyndon Johnson.

That was Rosy's way of suggesting that his opponent, Republican State Representative Daniel Jackson Evans, 39, was a nobody and ought to remain exactly that. But on the morning after the election, it turned out that enough people had known who Evans was to enable him to beat the daylight out of Governor Rosellini in a state that went overwhelmingly Democratic in every other way.

W.O.W. Who is Dan Evans? He's a Republican to keep an eye on. A Seattle-born structural and civil engineer, he began dabbling in precinct politics in 1948, and in 1956 agreed to run for the legislature from a safe district. By 1961 he was the Republican floor leader and he was considered to be one of the most effective parliamentarians in the house.

He was credited with more guts than good sense when he decided to throw himself into the Republican gubernatorial primary this year, for his chief

opponent was an evangelistic former preacher named Richard Christensen, who had amassed a zealous Goldwater following, notably including a band of women who paraded around in Indian costumes and called themselves W.O.W. (Women on the Warpath). Undismayed, Evans ran a tough campaign with emphasis on his earnest and considerable intelligence and a progressive brand of Republicanism. Though the pros counted him out early in the campaign, he pulled ahead and beat Christensen 308,000 to 204,000.

Running against Rosy, however, was something else again. Rosellini's record as Governor was lackluster, but he was known as a fine, friendly and formidable campaigner. Evans at first appeared withdrawn and diffident. At one point, visiting a highly automated Spokane factory, he spent more time examining the machines than he did shaking hands with workers. "My managers had to push me away," Evans recalls, adding wistfully: "But those machines were fascinating."

57—Count 'Em—57. As the campaign continued, Evans wound up as a public personality, came off to advantage in a series of debates by articulating his moderate Republican stance. He frankly suggested that he would pattern his administration after the successful and vigorous record of G.O.P. Governor Mark Hatfield in neighboring Oregon. He issued a 35-point "Blueprint for Progress" that detailed fresh projects for mental health, for boosting lagging tourism and industry, and for streamlining the state government. He produced photostats purporting to show that state employees had illegally solicited money for Rosy's 1960 campaign treasure chest—a charge to which Rosellini heatedly objected but never fully replied.

Finally, Evans succeeded in convincing the voters that he was a man of action. "When a Governor goes to Olympia," he told his audiences, "he faces an enormous task. From the day of his inauguration, just 57 crucial days remain in the legislative session—57 days in which to appoint key department heads and remake an entire \$2,000,000 budget, 57 days to set the guidelines for two years, 57 days to shape and to pass a new legislative program designed to end drift and dissension and to provide drive and direction. It is a whirlwind 57 days, each one of them crucial, each one of them filled with decisions."

To make good on that man-of-action image, Evans no sooner read the Nov. 3 results than he established a temporary statehouse and appointed a commission to iron out the state's redistricting problems. "There are two dangerous things which a Governor can do," says Evans. "One is to lead with knowledge and without conviction. The other is to lead with conviction and without knowledge." Obviously, Dan Evans plans to avoid both these dangers.

RHODE ISLAND

Highly Employable

In the tiniest state in the Union, tucked away on the rocky New England coast, a young and, in national terms, little-known Republican Governor emerged last week as one of his party's most potent vote getters. He was John Chafee, 42, who was re-elected to a second term in Democratic Rhode Island with a plurality of 85,604 votes.

Assault in Three Ways. Chafee comes naturally by his political interests. His great-grandfather, Henry Lippitt, was Governor of Rhode Island from 1875 to 1877. A great-uncle, Charles Warren Lippitt, was Governor from 1895 to 1897. His uncle, Zechariah Chafee, a noted Harvard law professor, ran for the Providence board of aldermen in the early 1900s, took what Governor Chafee calls a real "shellacking."

Chafee himself, a product of Providence Country Day School and Deer-



RHODE ISLAND'S CHAFEE
Frugality and 55 vetoes.

field Academy, left Yale at 19 during his sophomore year, enlisted in the Marines and landed with assault troops on Guadalcanal. Back in the U.S., he finished Yale and Harvard Law. In 1951 he was recalled to the Marines and captained a rifle company in Korea. In 1952 he got his baptism by fire in the political wars as a campaign aide to unsuccessful Providence Mayorality Candidate Christopher Del Sesto. In 1956 he struck out on his own, was elected to the state house of representatives, and two years later became minority leader. In 1962 he was elected Governor.

As Governor, Chafee was confronted by a Democratic legislature, but he pushed through a state medicare bill that covers an estimated 45,000, expanded the state vocational program to provide training for the unemployed, authorized the acquisition of land for seven woodland and waterfront parks, and provided for a new state junior college.

Still, just over the past year he vetoed 55 Democratic bills. Some, he insists,

were "dangerous" to the state. Others were downright silly. One, for example, would have provided that every car sold in Rhode Island be equipped with a device that would sound a warning when the ignition key was on but seat belts were left unfastened. Says Chafee: "There wasn't a manufacturer in the country who put out such a device."

Fee Saving. Chafee also presents an image in the best tradition of New England frugality. He saved architects' fees by designing his own home, a concrete block abode on 20 acres near Providence. Trouble is, he neglected to put in a garage to house the 1962 Plymouth station wagon that he ordinarily drives instead of the state limousine that is one of his perquisites. The father of six children, Chafee laughingly tells Rhode Islanders that he wants to be Governor because he needs the job—"I have to work for a living." On the basis of last week's returns, voters seemed willing to keep Chafee employed for quite a while.

ILLINOIS

Kerner's Winning Way

One of the surprises of last week's state elections was the solid triumph of Illinois Governor Otto Kerner against the spirited challenge of Republican Charles Percy (TIME cover, Sept. 18)—a fellow who seemed sure to go far if only he could have won last week.

To be sure, Kerner benefitted tremendously from the Johnson landslide. Yet he was up against a good man, whipped him by some 200,000 votes, in a testimony to the fact that he must have something to offer on his own.

Part of Kerner's appeal is frankly physical. His blue eyes, wavy brown hair and clean-chiseled features would look great on Mount Rushmore; he has been rated by the Professional Photographers of America as the nation's most handsome Governor. He is a very pleasant, amiable and thoughtful man, as he has proved at downstate ribbon cuttings, corn-picking festivals, and beauty-contest judgments over the four years of his term.

If Kerner has sometimes seemed indecisive as a Governor, it is also true that he has deftly avoided getting any large segment of the population angry at him. He has pushed a progressive program of regional mental-health clinics, helped increase Illinois exports abroad, reduced public relief costs, firmly supported state laws to help Negroes get fairer treatment in seeking housing and jobs, knocked much administrative waste out of the State Toll Road Commission. He has notably failed to take forthright action in reforming Illinois' archaic tax system, which may yet drive the state to the edge of bankruptcy.

In any other year, with Johnson not on the ticket, Kerner would almost certainly have lost to Percy, a real go-out-and-get-'em guy. But in 1964, Otto Kerner did pretty well just by sounding as



ILLINOIS' KERNER
Fine features and a landslide.

much as possible like Lyndon Johnson. And Johnson would have been proud of Kerner's post-election statement: "We must continue the atmosphere which has brought new unity to our people, a unity that knows no Cook County way to build a greater Illinois, no downstate way, but a united way."

FLORIDA

Astounding Results

On election night Charles Holtz, Florida's Republican candidate for Governor, sent word to Democrat W. (for Willie) Haydon Burns. "It looks like you've won," he said. Replied Winner Burns: "That's the first accurate statement he made during this campaign."

Taking his place among the South's Governors, Burns, 52, a six-term mayor of Jacksonville, will almost certainly



FLORIDA'S BURNS & WIFE
Political race riots and slick suits.

prove to be one of the most colorful. A native Kentuckian, he is tall (6 ft. 2 in.), trim, and known as "Slick" because of his penchant for flashy clothes. Running for the nomination last spring, he found himself confronted by bloody race riots in Jacksonville. He overcame the potential political damage by appearing on statewide television to charge that the violence had been inspired by some of his Democratic opponents to embarrass him politically.

After winning the primary, Burns kicked off his campaign against Holley by declaring that he had been traveling around Florida's institutions of upper learning and had been "astounded to find the number of pinks and the number of Commies on the campuses." Warned he: "These people know who they are. Get out before I get in, or you will be kicked out." As it happens, Florida, rightly or wrongly, is proud of its colleges, and Burns drew a barrage of damning editorials; he never brought up the subject again.

For a while it appeared that Holley, 39, a former minority leader in the Florida house of representatives, might give Burns a real run for his money. Holley gave reporters "photocopies" of bank ledgers purporting to show that Burns had a secret Nassau bank account of \$1,215,690. To refute the charge, Burns flew with reporters to the island, marched them into the Bank of Nova Scotia branch on Bay Street, and proved to everyone's satisfaction that Holley's documents were phony. From then on, Burns's election was a cinch.

CALIFORNIA

Just Call Him Senator

Forget about all those other labels—the old song and dance man, the late-late-show good guy, Muppet Shirley Temple's straight man. From now on, just call George Murphy "Senator." He has more than earned the right and the job.

Murphy's victory last week over



MURPHY, WIFE & SON DENNIS
A winning script.

short-term Incumbent Democrat Pierre Salinger was a classic study in how to handle the California electorate. Democrats there outnumber Republicans 3 to 2. To rate even the thinnest chance of winning, Murphy not only had to hold onto all factions of the G.O.P., from rabid-right kooks to solid moderates, he also had to pick up some 20% of Democratic and Independent votes.

Blue Eyes v. Blue Jowls. His campaign was managed by Robert Finch, Dick Nixon's old stage director. And the winning script was simple enough: be bland, be affable, offend no one by taking controversial stands, and never let anyone forget that Salinger was a carpetbagging resident of Virginia when he entered the campaign. To please the right wing, Murphy endorsed Goldwater; to please the moderates, he constantly referred to his differences with Barry on the civil rights bill and foreign aid cuts. Murphy's blue-eyed good looks contrasted jarringly with Pierre's blue-jowled appearance, an important point in image-conscious California. After it was all over, even Democratic Governor Pat Brown was impressed by the Republican campaign, called it "one of the best I have ever seen."

Murphy's victory could do much to produce a badly needed change in the decibel count of the California G.O.P.—toning it down from a right-wing screech to a more moderate sound. Indeed, at one time Murphy was closely associated with the superpatriotic California crusade of Dr. Fred Schwarz. But Murphy's Senate campaign obviously convinced voters that his outlook toward such extremism has changed substantially. Said Campaign Manager Finch: "I had to find this out for myself before I went to work in the campaign. It wasn't until I was satisfied that Murphy is strictly his own man—he doesn't owe anybody anything—that I agreed to lend a hand."

No Instant Sage. As a Senator, Murphy will likely push hard on issues of particular California interest, such as desalinization projects to ease the state's water problems and increased defense spending in the hope of pumping more military dollars into the plants back home. Generally, he will probably vote as a conservative on fiscal matters, a cautious liberal on civil rights, and as a selective Senator on such matters as foreign aid. Murphy may not become an instant Senate sage, however. At times he is given to sweepingly naive comments that scarcely smack of legislative statesmanship. Looking forward last week to his new job, Murphy announced: "I'm going to work to see that foreign policy is taken away from the State Department and given back to the people."

Nonetheless, Senator Murphy's move from Hollywood to Capitol Hill came only after a great deal of intense personal dedication and strong self-discipline. In the Senate, such qualities should never be underrated.

MINNESOTA

Who After Hubert?

As he moves up to the vice-presidency, Hubert Humphrey leaves in his wake two important jobs to be filled—and there are plenty of eager contenders for both.

It will be up to Minnesota's Democratic Governor Karl Rolvaag to appoint someone to complete the remaining two years of Humphrey's Senate term. Rolvaag could resign and take the job himself, but he is well aware that voters often show their displeasure later

MINNEAPOLIS MORNING TRIBUNE



MINNESOTA'S MONDALE AT HOME
A bright one.

at such self-promotion. The most likely prospect seems to be Walter ("Fritz") Mondale, 36, the state's attorney general and the brightest of a stable of bright young men awaiting a shot at bigger things in the party. He has behind-the-scenes support from Humphrey.

Yet Mondale has a potentially powerful rival in the state's three-term former Governor, Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman. Freeman has not indicated that he wants the job, but he has let it be known that he wants to leave Agriculture. Last week Freeman was vacationing in Minnesota—his first week off in three years—and some of his Washington aides thought it might be significant. Two other possibilities: John Blatnik, 53, an 18-year Congressman from Minnesota's iron-range area, who is backed by Senator Eugene McCarthy and officials of the United Steelworkers Union; Mrs. Eugenie Anderson, the nation's first woman ambassador (Denmark) and now Minister to Bulgaria.

In Washington, Senate Democrats must decide who their new majority whip will be. The current favorite is Rhode Island's John Pastore, one of the Senate's sharpest debaters and the 1964 Democratic Convention keynote. Other possibilities: Louisiana's Russell Long, Maine's Edmund Muskie, Michigan's Philip Hart, Hawaii's Daniel Inouye, Connecticut's Thomas Dodd, Florida's George Smathers.

THE STATES

The Shape of the Legislatures

The vast bulk of the laws under which Americans live are passed not on Capitol Hill but in the state legislatures. Probably not one voter in 20 can name the state assemblyman from his district; yet the struggle for control of the legislatures produced some of the most remarkable results of the election. For example:

- **NEW YORK.** Democrats carried both houses for the first time since 1934. Down to defeat went both G.O.P. Senate Majority Leader Walter Mahoney and Assembly Speaker Joseph Carlino, both of whose names had become synonymous with entrenched power. It all spelled trouble for Governor Nelson Rockefeller, who had only one consolation: Rocky is planning to call a special session of the present legislature in mid-December to redistrict the state and may at least be able to preserve what remains of Republican strength.

- **MAINE.** Democrats took control of the senate by a margin of 29 to 5, the same margin the G.O.P. boasted in the last session. Democrats also won the house by a narrow edge, thus capturing both houses for the first time since 1912. In Maine, the legislature elects the secretary of state, the attorney general and treasurer, and undoubtedly there will be some new faces in those places. Moreover, there will be heavy pressure on Republican Governor John H. Reed for such legislation as a higher minimum wage, expanded unemployment security and legalized Sunday sale of liquor.

- **PENNSYLVANIA.** Though the senate remains Republican, G.O.P. Governor William Scranton will have to deal with a newly Democratic house (by a margin of 115 to 92). Labor, which played a major role in the Democratic house take-over, has already demanded an investigation of the state's department of labor and industry, where Scranton eased a number of A.F.I.-C.I.O. officials from high-paying jobs.

- **MICHIGAN.** Even in returning Republican George Romney to office, voters gave both houses of the legislature to Democrats for the first time since 1932. It was only the second time since 1890 that Democrats had captured the senate. Needless to say, it will be tough going for Romney-sponsored legislation. Democrats rule the house by a majority of 72 to 38, the senate by 23 to 15.

- **WISCONSIN.** Voters turned out Democratic Governor John Reynolds and installed Republican Warren Knowles. But Knowles cannot be entirely confident of a warm reception in the legislature. The senate is Republican, but the house went Democratic.

- **ILLINOIS.** Because of failure to redistrict, all 177 house seats were up for grabs in an at-large election. With 118 candidates of each party listed side by side on a bath-towel-sized ballot, most voters predictably took the easy way out, voted a straight ticket and elected



NEW YORK LOSERS CARLINO & MAHONEY
Power spelled disaster.

all 118 Democrats, a two-thirds majority of the house. The senate, though, still has a Republican majority.

- **NORTH DAKOTA.** While re-electing popular Democratic Governor Bill Guzy, voters also passed control of the house of representatives to Democrats for the first time ever. Republicans retain a narrow senate margin.

- **INDIANA.** The Johnson tide swept Democrats into both houses of the state legislature for the first time since 1936. Good news for Democratic Governor-elect Roger Branigan.

- **IOWA.** Democrats wrested both houses from the G.O.P., promising some smooth sailing for Democratic Governor Harold Hughes in his efforts to pass a reapportionment plan, repeal the state's right-to-work law, add a cent per gallon to the state gas tax, and abolish capital punishment.

- **TEXAS.** Frank Cahan, a Midland oilman, was elected to the house of representatives and immediately named minority leader. In fact, Cahan is the minority—the sole Republican elected to the 150-member house, as six G.O.P. incumbents were defeated.



ILLINOIS: SUPER-SIZED BALLOT
The easy way out proved Democratic.

Referendum & Initiative

Of all the referendum and initiative measures in dozens of states last week, none was more bitterly fought or attracted more attention than California's Proposition 14 to repeal the Rumford Act (TIME, Sept. 25). Californians, by a vote of 3,656,000 to 1,894,000, overwhelmingly approved the proposition.

With that, the Rumford Act, a prohibition against discrimination for reasons of race or creed in the sale or rental of much state real estate, was wiped from the books. Moreover, future attempts to act against any sort of housing discrimination—whether by state, city or county officials—was in effect forbidden. Proposition 14 affirms the right of any Californian to sell or rent his home to whomever he pleases.

Predictably, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People moved to challenge the proposition in the courts. Californians also rejected a plan to legalize a statewide lottery, which was to be operated by American Sweepstakes Corp. in return for 13% of the total proceeds, and approved a proposition that bans pay television in the state (see SHOW BUSINESS).

In other contests:

- **Minnesota** approved a state constitutional amendment to guarantee producers of taconite, a low-grade iron ore that is plentiful but expensive to refine, that their taxes will be increased no more than taxes on other industries over the next 25 years. With such enticements, the state hopes to attract new mining operations to spur revival of the sagging economy of northeastern Minnesota and the once flourishing Mesabi Range.

- **Massachusetts** okayed an increase in the span of the Governor's term from two to four years, thereby ensuring a 1966 statehouse scramble even more spirited than usual.

- **New Hampshire** finally rid the state constitution of a pre-Civil War section giving draftees the option of buying their way out of military service; because the Federal Government has long since taken over the draft, the section was meaningless anyway.

- **Oregon** abolished capital punishment. As a result, the sentences of three prisoners awaiting the state's gas chamber were commuted by Governor Mark Hatfield to life imprisonment.

- **Rhode Island** called a December constitutional convention to reapportion the legislature as required by the U.S. Supreme Court. Two consecutive sessions of the state legislature failed to reach agreement on reapportionment.
- **North Dakota** turned down a proposal to abolish the state personal-property tax and overturned an old law that forbade drinking at a restaurant table even if the place has a bar just a few steps away.

- **Voters** in 23 states approved bond issues worth \$2.2 billion in the second-largest borrowing referendum in history (see U.S. BUSINESS).

THE WORLD

COMMUNISTS

The Era of Many Romes

(See Cover)

A month ago he was anathema: the Yellow Peril, the shameful Pervert of True Marxism-Leninism, the terrible Trotskyite Deviationist and Splitter. Last week, as he stood bundled in a greatcoat and karakul cap atop Lenin's Tomb watching the rockets roll by, Red China's Chou En-lai presumably was still all these things to the fallen Nikita Khrushchev, who was nowhere to be seen, and possibly to many other Russians who have little love for the Chinese. But officially he was the honored guest from the great fraternal Chinese People's Republic, and this just three years after he stormed out of the 22nd Party Congress and thereby ignited China's momentous ideological feud with Russia. Now he was back, as cautious and cool as a man defusing a bomb.

When Red China's Premier accepted Moscow's invitation to the 47th anniversary celebration of the Bolshevik Revolution, it became obvious that Communism's two big powers are trying to ease their unseemly, downright embarrassing differences, which had become something of a personal obsession to Khrushchev. There is no likelihood that the split will be healed in the foreseeable future, but it will obviously not remain the same. With Chou's arrival in Moscow alongside delegations from every Communist nation in the world except Albania (which is being more Chinese than the Chinese), the post-Khrushchev era of Communism had begun.

Conference Pitch. Night was falling as Chou and his six-man entourage arrived at Moscow's Sheremetyevo Airport. With him was Liu Shao-chi, China's President. In the flare of flashbulbs, Chou's face appeared hard and unyielding. Significantly, he was greeted by only half of Russia's new diarchy, an equally sour-faced Premier Aleksei Kosygin. There were no bear hugs for Chou, though Kosygin did bring a bouquet of flowers. Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev stayed home, possibly to show that Russia was not over-eager and to keep the visit a formal matter of governments, not an ideological meeting of parties.

Next day, Brezhnev addressed a jam-packed audience in the Kremlin's Palace of Congress with an appeal for Communist unity, and pitched hard for a world conference of Communist parties to deal with the problem. Chou, staring indifferently over Brezhnev's shoulder, was

the only man on the stage who failed to applaud. Khrushchev had called just such a meeting for Dec. 15, but with the intention of setting the stage for Peking's excommunication from the Communist movement. Since Brezhnev, Kosygin & Co. still claim to be the legitimate heirs to Khrushchevism. Chou could not readily agree to the meeting, even though Brezhnev's tone was more wheedling than warlike.

Brezhnev hewed closely to basic Khrushchevian doctrines, though he was vastly more subdued in tone. He praised peaceful coexistence and argued that "world war is not inevitable," extolled the nuclear test-ban treaty, which Peking refused to sign, and made all the right noises about better relations with the U.S. while keeping Russia's guard up. Sounding like a Western executive or politician promising that things were going to get efficient or he would know the reason why, Brezhnev proclaimed his intention "to combat resolutely red tape and window dressing." He called for "fuller use of the material incentive," meaning the profit motive, in "overcoming the lag of agricultural production." In an indirect slap at Chinese collectivization, Brezhnev announced the removal of "unfounded restrictions" on private farming—"the plots of land worked by farmers, factory and office workers"—restrictions that Brezhnev even more than Khrushchev realizes are a drag on Soviet output.

A Call on Stalin. About the only concessions Brezhnev offered to China were promises to back Peking's claims

on Formosa and pledges to support "the national liberation struggle of the peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America," thus hinting at a more pressing pursuit of revolution than Khrushchev had espoused. Both Chou and Castro's henchman, Ernesto ("Che") Guevara, applauded vigorously when Brezhnev warned: "Hands off Cuba." As to restoring unity within the bloc, Brezhnev said: "There is every objective condition for cooperation between Socialist countries to grow stronger." And at the Red Square anniversary parade, Brezhnev wound up old Rodion Malinovsky, his Defense Minister, for a rocket-rattling speech aimed as much at Chou's ears as at the West's. As new thermonuclear behemoths rumbled by—among them a submarine missile which was meant to rival the U.S. Polaris—Malinovsky darkly warned that Russia's armed forces would "protect the fatherland and all countries of the Socialist community against any plots of aggressors."

If Chou was impressed, he did not show it. To demonstrate his continued disdain for Khrushchevian wrong-think, he ducked around the back of Lenin's Tomb and paid a reverential visit to Stalin's modest grave outside the Kremlin wall.

Two Empires. "Moscow is the third Rome," goes an old Russian saying. "A fourth there shall not be." The first, of course, was the Rome of Augustus; the second was Constantinople, capital of the Eastern Roman Empire after the great schism split the Roman world. The Chinese are obviously determined

to prove the prophecy wrong and make Peking a fourth Rome.

The western Communist empire under Moscow is the more powerful in terms of armaments, industrial potential, living standards and education. The eastern empire under Peking is far more populous, and as a revolutionary force, it has the advantages of its very shortcomings: want makes it more spartan; envy of the good life makes it fiercer; having less to lose may make it willing to risk more. Moscow sounds more realistic in its appreciation of overwhelming Western strength; Peking sounds more fanatical in its insistence that the West is only a paper tiger—although beneath the propaganda it is unlikely that ancient China is really as unrealistic as that. Willy-nilly, Moscow is more committed to "polycentrism," while Peking still demands greater discipline among the Asian Communist parties in its domain.

But the fact is that nationalism, even though Communism can often exploit it, remains



CHOU WATCHING BREZHNEV SPEAK
Present, silent and listening.



ANNIVERSARY LINE-UP ATOP LENIN TOMBS
How to be sovereign though a satellite.

balanced boss Antonin Novotny faces "elections" this month, was also tied closely to Khrushchev. Novotny failed to show at Moscow last week, sent his second-in-command, Party Secretary Jiri Hendrych, instead. At the same time, the Czechs announced sweeping economic reforms that effectively reject the Soviet system of centralized control, reoriented Czechoslovakia's lagging industry—once Eastern Europe's most advanced—along more Western lines. The profit motive is being given fuller play, and factory owners are permitted to work out their own supply-and-demand schedules.

Chances of Reconciliation. The satellites' continuing desire for a richer, relatively more capitalist consumer economy is one major reason why a true reconciliation between Moscow's world and Peking's world is so difficult. Mao Tse-tung's China still regards all this as a dangerous betrayal of Marxism. The deep differences over economic policies, and the national and racial rivalries, remain. There is no sign that Peking will or can give up its competition with Moscow for the allegiance of the underdeveloped nations.

With the added prestige of its new atomic bomb, Peking has no reason to give an inch to the Russians. Last week *People's Daily* in Peking again blasted Khrushchev and "modern revisionism," which "emasculates the revolutionary working class." While Peking also urged Russia to join China "against the common enemy," Mao was not about to give up his version of Communism.

And what could Russia really do to patch the rift? B. & K. are saddled with a weak economy, cannot afford the massive economic aid that, before 1960, kept Peking tied to Moscow's side. Broken technical aid could be offered, and the new Russian leaders might win some Chinese good will by showing a more aggressive face to the West.

As a result of these distinctly limited possibilities, the anniversary "summit" fell far short of being a reconciliation meeting. Still, there were soundings and sniffings to find approaches to unity. In an anniversary message, Mao called for

Communist unity to make the imperialist camp "shudder." At the very least, all parties hoped to avoid a return to the vitriol and vituperation that had marked the conflict during Khrushchev's last days. Both sides could benefit from a truce. And even a semblance of unity between Communism's two empires could make the West's life somewhat more difficult. Western policymakers have become extremely fond of the Communist split: whenever they ran out of ideas, they could always bank on the troubles the Reds were having among themselves. But whatever their differences with Moscow, the Chinese are fighting the U.S., not Russia, in Viet Nam and, more or less directly, throughout Asia.

In short, no doubt Moscow will continue to have a serious China problem in dealing with Asia's tough, arrogant and infinitely patient giant. But Washington has a China problem too, and one that is considerably more serious and pressing.

RED CHINA

Waiting for Evolution

In Washington these days, there is a lot of talk about "Chirec," which is current State Department jargon for recognition of Communist China, and "Chirep," which stands for Communist Chinese representation in the U.N. Washington remains firmly opposed to both so long as "Peking won't leave its neighbors alone." Although there is growing support among U.N. members for Chinese admission, Washington is betting that it can squeeze through another year without having to accept Chirep. All very well and good. The trouble is that no one in the State Department, in the Pentagon, or anywhere, is doing very well with what perhaps should be called "Chicon," for containment, or with any other "Chipol," or policy toward Communist China.

For 15 years, since Chiang Kai-shek's—
From left: Bulgaria's Zhivkov, East Germany's Ulbricht, Kossigin, Soviet Defense Minister Malinovsky, Brezhnev, Poland's Gomulka, Russian President Anastas Mikoyan, Red China's Chou.

tragic defeat, the U.S. has not exactly tried to ignore Red China—certainly the Korean war bitterly acknowledged its existence—but to ostracize and isolate it. Perhaps there was no real alternative, but the fact is that this attitude is getting to be increasingly difficult to sustain. China today is by far the most serious, urgent foreign-policy problem facing the U.S. Its presence looms over all Asia. There is, in the Far East, no area of prosperity that is not menaced, no conflict that is not affected or even instigated by Red China. Items:

- SOUTH VIET NAM: a continuing nightmare for the U.S.

- LAOS: three-fifths gobbled up by the Red Pathet Lao.

- CAMBODIA: virtually a Peking satellite. Prince Norodom ("Prink") Sihanouk is openly aiding the Communist guerrillas in Viet Nam by providing them sanctuary. Last week the U.S. evacuated its embassy dependents from the Cambodian capital of Phnompenh.

- THAILAND: booming and staunchly anti-Communist, but gravely endangered by the possible collapse of any of its neighbors.

- BURMA: hell-bent on "socialism" and chaos at home, "neutrality" abroad, a situation made more ominous by an 850-mile common frontier with China.

- PAKISTAN: still tied to the West militarily, but flirting with the Chinese. Last week a Pakistani delegation arrived in Peking for a shopping spree—with the help of a \$60 million Chinese loan.

- INDIA: beset by food shortages, corruption and mismanagement, with Red Chinese troops solidly dug in along the 14,500-square-mile border area they tested two years ago.

- NEPAL: invaded by 5,000 Communist Chinese technicians who are nearing completion of a \$9,800,000 road linking Chinese-occupied Tibet to the Nepalese capital of Katmandu.

- MALAYSIA: solidly pro-West, but disrupted internally and harassed by guerrilla raids from Peking's ally, Indonesia.

- INDONESIA: in economic shambles under Dictator Sukarno, with the world's third-largest Communist Party waiting in the wings.

- **SOUTH KOREA:** kept out of Red hands only by 50,000 U.S. troops.
- **FORMOSA:** still staunchly held by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, 77, who continues to insist that he will return to the mainland but obviously has no chance of doing so.
- **PHILIPPINES:** firmly tied to the U.S., with local Communists reduced to an insignificant handful, but beset by economic troubles and worried about Chinese and Indonesian expansion.
- **JAPAN:** Asia's most brilliantly Westernized country, which nevertheless hankers for trade with China and refuses to translate its economic progress into anti-Communist political action in Asia.

On top of all this China now has the Bomb—or at least a bomb of sorts.

When Can They Deliver? The U.S. is taking a second look at that bomb. Peking is now believed capable of building several 20- to 30-kiloton nuclear devices a year, probably has enough fissionable material on hand to stage a second test at any time. Uranium is in good supply, as is lithium, an important H-bomb material.

Red China can probably deliver a bomb a lot sooner than the five to ten years that U.S. officials first believed it would take. The U.S. moved from "explosion" at Alamogordo to bomb over Hiroshima in less than three weeks. If the Chinese are thinking in terms of a clumpy, 20-kiloton blockbuster like Hiroshima's (10 ft. long, 28 in. wide, and weighing 9,000 lbs.), they could probably deliver it along their periphery within six months. Peking's 275 Russian-built IL-28 bombers are capacious enough to carry such bombs to targets up to 600 miles away.

Peking also has five IL-18 jet transports capable of carrying a 15-ton load 4,000 miles. Thus most major Asian cities—Tokyo, Manila, New Delhi, Bangkok, Rangoon and others—may well find themselves within Red Chinese atomic range some time early in

1965. Peking, moreover, has launched a missile program guided by Chien Hsueh-shen, 52, a 1938 Caltech Ph.D. grad and jet-propulsion specialist. Chien was chief of the rocket section of the U.S. Scientific Commission on National Defense during World War II. In 1950 he was caught trying to slip out of California, bound for Red China. He was finally permitted to leave the U.S. in 1955, surfaced immediately in Peking. The status of his missile program is obscure, but it is known that a missile range has been laid out near the Sinkiang nuclear testing ground. Some observers believe that, despite shortages of vital nickel and chromium, Red China, which already has some Soviet-designed, surface-to-surface rockets, might have a nuclear-tipped, 200-mile missile in two to three years.

Will They Use It? In view of all this, why aren't China's neighbors more worried? One experienced U.S. observer in Hong Kong says: "They aren't scaring worth a damn." They are nevertheless impressed that economically backward China accomplished the feat of building the bomb. Throughout Asia and Africa, among nations that vociferously disapproved of U.S. atomic tests, there is a certain racial satisfaction that another white man's monopoly has been broken. There is some talk that India and Japan might now try to build bombs of their own.

The question has been raised in the U.S., Australia and elsewhere whether Red China should be "enucleated" by bombing her atomic plants. The U.S. is evidently opposed to this, in the absence of some Chinese aggression. Quite apart from possible Russian reaction, the Chinese themselves could strike back simply by allowing their armies to overrun Southeast Asia and thereby involving the U.S. in a major war. At any rate, U.S. experts seem convinced that the Chinese will not use their bomb.

Despite their tough talk about aiding revolutions and wars of "liberation,"



SINKIANG NUCLEAR TEST
Who will survive whom?

they have pursued a cautious policy, holding back from Quemoy and Matsu, for instance, and never really pressing their successful invasion of India. The Chinese understand, or must be made to understand, Washington feels, that their use of the bomb could bring instant retaliation from the U.S. and with it the destruction of their major cities and industries.

Besides, the Chinese do not need to use the bomb. Peking's 2,500,000-man army, backed by 15 million reservists, police and militiamen, is the largest ground force in the world. Supported by four artillery and armored divisions (the latter mostly equipped with Russian T-34 tanks), the forces are presently placed in Manchuria, around Peking, along the coast between Shanghai and Canton, in South China, and in the southwest opposite India. Since early this year, they have been undergoing intensified small-unit training. Though their military equipment is largely World War II vintage and their supply lines would be vulnerable to modern air power, the Chinese could obviously overrun any of their neighbors, at least temporarily, if they chose.

Invasion or Revolution? But again the U.S. does not really expect Red China to launch invasions, believes that Peking has a reasonably healthy respect for the U.S. Seventh Fleet and the U.S. air forces stationed at island bases throughout the Pacific. China can obviously continue to rely on subversion and revolution, methods with which it is doing extremely well. This, rather than the Chinese bomb or even the Chinese army, is the basic challenge to the U.S. The key China problem thus reverts to where it was before the Lop Nor blast—how to stem Peking's slow erosion of the Western position in Asia.

Some of the best-intentioned and most experienced U.S. policymakers are



RED CHINESE MISSILE ON DISPLAY IN PEKING
How to plug the gun barrel?

convinced that the U.S. must above all counter Red China's war of ideas. These ideas really boil down to: get rid of the foreigners and let Communism give you a better life. Successful though this crude approach is in Asia, it has yet to work anywhere without the accompaniment of subversion, political infighting, blackmail and the threat of force. From the time that Chiang Kai-shek was fighting the Communists for his life down to the present crisis in Viet Nam, the U.S. has tirelessly told itself that the Communist challenge must be met by providing an equal or better promise of a decent life, by finding enlightened non-Communist leadership, and creating viable non-Communist societies along the periphery of China. In some countries this has at least partly worked. But what if non-Communist governments were to collapse, giving way to Communist or neutralist regimes without a single Chinese soldier crossing a frontier? Obviously, the only U.S. choice then would be to pull out or to fight. What would the answer be? One psychological difficulty faced by the U.S. in Southeast Asia now is that many people doubt the answer really would be "to fight."

Basically, the U.S. plan is to avoid or postpone that choice by every device—military aid, economic and technical support, money, persuasion—for having to make such a choice would in itself be a form of failure. In the long run, U.S. policy is simply to hang on and hope for what someone in the State Department may yet call "Chinev"—the evolution of Red China. The notion is that through contacts with the outside world, China will become subject to outside ideas, gradually learn responsibility, like Russia develop a desire for a better, softer life and, as a result, take a softer line.

To judge from present-day China, this is not an impossible, but certainly an extremely fragile hope.

The Mosses. Not that it has become any easier to know what is going on inside China. In the absence of published statistics, Peking watchers are even worse off than Kremlin watchers; they are reduced to gleaning shipping records from the world's docks to reconstruct Chinese production figures, and count the number of lines someone receives in a newspaper account to determine his standing in the community. While most Western newsmen, with the exception of Americans, are admitted to the Chinese mainland, they are so few and so restricted that journalism's old friend of half a century ago—"a traveler just returned from the interior"—is once again an essential source of information. With patient use of these devices plus a few other tricks, newsmen and intelligence experts do get a picture of China—but the country's innate paradoxes can be as baffling as Communist propaganda.

"This is a land so vast," reports TIME's Hong Kong bureau, "that winter snows are already howling across large areas of it while other expanses still simmer in humid tropical heat. A land so fragmented that millions upon mil-

lions of its human swarm cannot understand the dialect spoken by millions and millions more. So ancient that its past is a palpable presence, and so modern that it has jolted the world with an atomic explosion. So expansionist that its neighbors have lived in varied degrees of fear since before the birth of Christ, and so troubled internally that as often as not it has been unable to feed and clothe itself. So weak, so strong, so arrogant, so humble, so rich, so poor, so wise, so foolish. But one generalization can be made today: the majority of the people remain loyal and obedient to the Communist Party and the Communist cause. Not enthusiastic, but obedient."

Inevitably they strike Western visi-



MAO STATUE & MARX POSTER IN PEKING

The sun may be setting.

ors as robotic. In Canton's main park 3,000 Communist youth at a signal begin wildly cheering a Western businessman, and at another signal, just as obediently, they stop. People seem terrified to accept even the smallest gift from foreigners, evidently for fear of being tagged as spies. Visiting coeducational Sian University, a French Deputy asks a question natural to any Frenchman: "Does the proximity of 5,000 boys and 2,000 girls pose any problems?" There are puzzled stares, and the rector replies: "What sort of problems?" The French visitor: "Sexual problems." The rector: "Je ne vois pas [I don't follow you]."

Perhaps he really does not, for even hand holding is condemned as "bourgeois." Part of the reason for the puritan policy is to discourage early marriages and thus population growth (an estimated 12 million a year). Contraceptives are displayed everywhere, and free literature on the subject is available for study under the glass tops of tea-house tables.

The Economy. Economically, Red China is still suffering from the disastrous "Great Leap Forward," a short-lived 1958-61 attempt at crash industrialization and collectivization that resulted in a major drop backward. The country is also still feeling the effects of the 1960 pullout of Russian technicians, who not only took their blueprints with them but also, in a final fraternal gesture, sabotaged the machinery they left behind. In North China people in rags still live in the same caves around Yenan in which Mao and his men holed up for years after the Long March. All kinds of consumer goods are pathetically scarce and expensive: a new bicycle costs an unskilled city worker half a year's pay. A Japanese newsman in Mukden leaves two used razor blades on the wash basin in his hotel. A few days later, in Tientsin, he receives a small envelope containing the blades. His comment: "There is simply nothing to be discarded in China today."

Still, considerable and important progress has been made. Production of fertilizer, oil and farm tools is up. Textile output, which brings in much of Peking's foreign exchange, has been largely recovered, is expected to total 4.5 billion linear meters this year (v. the pre-Leap rate of 5 billion). Red China now manufactures rolled-steel railroad wheels, X-ray machines, transistor radios, computers.

With only 275 million acres of tillable soil (the rest is too cold, mountainous or arid), Peking's planners have only one-third of an acre from which to nourish each stomach; whereas in other countries the ratio is two or three acres per person. With fertilizer still in short supply, rations continue slim. But of late, the hunger pangs have eased. Grain production is up from a post-Leap year low of 160 million tons to 186 million tons this year, and another 5,000,000 tons a year are being imported from the West.

Food & Trade. There are more vegetables, pork and eggs. In many areas pork is off the ration, though its price makes it a luxury. Despite the ridicule he heaped on Khrushchev's incentive measures, Mao permits hog farmers, after delivering their fixed quotas to collectives, to sell the balance on a free market. Dogs and cats, slaughtered wholesale for food during the Leap, are again appearing with impunity in Peking and Shanghai, and even birds—once relentlessly exterminated as predators—have returned to Canton.

Red China's trade with non-Communist countries has burgeoned from \$673.9 million a decade ago to a record \$1.8 billion this year, itself 20% above 1963. Peking imports fertilizer, cotton, chemicals, steel and industrial ma-

Latest two-way trade totals: Hong Kong \$310 million, Japan \$250 million, Australia \$220 million, Canada \$150 million, Malaysia \$120 million, Great Britain \$100 million, France \$100 million, West Germany \$56.2 million, Argentina \$55 million, Italy \$38.4 million, The Netherlands \$28.7 million.

chinery, exports soybeans, coal, iron ore, rice, tea and hog bristles.

In Peking last week, British Board of Trade President Douglas Jay inaugurated a \$3,080,000 British trade fair. The 230 exhibitors are offering everything from an aircraft instrument landing system to a diesel electric locomotive. Doing business with Peking can be both sweet and sour. Japanese businessmen, no amateurs themselves, describe Mao's Marxist idealists as ruthless bargainers. Moreover, the Reds begin every session with an infuriating propaganda speech, and cannot meet at all on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when they do their own indoctrinal homework.

The Rulers. Whether trade will bring about prosperity and hence evolution remains to be seen. But one form of evolution—age—is taking place among China's leaders themselves. Mao Tse-tung, nearly 71, is panegyrized by his subjects as "the sun in our hearts," but he is setting fast. Though his mind is evidently as Machiavellian as ever, his eyesight is failing, he trembles as with palsy and moves about feebly. During a luncheon for a Western visitor last month, Mao was helped to and from the dining room by nurses.

Directly under Mao, in No. 2 position, is President Liu Shao-chi, 66. Off to one side, but part of the government wing of the regime, is Premier Chou En-lai, 66. Off to the other side, and belonging to the party wing, is Teng Hsiao-ping, 62, General Secretary of the Party Central Committee. A jaunty, relentless, ex-army political commissar who, since 1954, has been the party's chief executive and hatchman, Teng could well turn out to be Mao's eventual successor.

But for the present, as his mission to Moscow suggests, Chou En-lai remains the unchallenged top troubleshooter of Chinese Communism. Grandson of a mandarin, Chou was a member of the "worker-study group" of young Chinese that Mao Tse-tung, then a librarian at Peking University, organized in the early '20s and sent to Paris for education and inspiration. During World War II, Chou (pronounced Joe) was the affable good Joe who acted as liaison man in Chungking—and convinced many Americans that his group consisted only of idealistic agrarian reformers. In more recent years he has turned up as Peking's shrill, belligerent mouthpiece at Geneva conferences on Indo-China. As his seamed, pasty face may confirm, he is reported ailing, and he disappeared for several weeks earlier this year, possibly for treatment. But Chou has a habit of re-emerging in important endeavors, such as his grand tour of Africa last winter, after which he pronounced the Dark Continent "ripe for revolution."

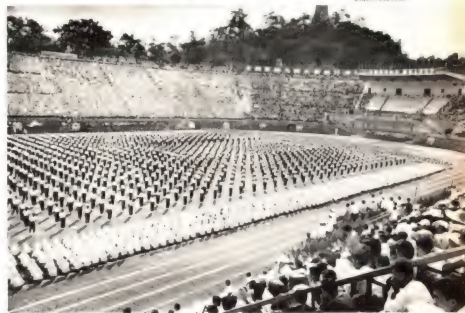
The Youth. If power went to any of these three stalwarts, all veterans of the Long March, Mao's hard line would not be likely to change. But what about the younger generation? Half of Red China's populace is under 35, and Mao

frankly worries about the danger that they will turn soft. "They have not known war," he says. "They have not known the landlords. They have not known combat." There is evident suspicion that at least some Chinese are getting tired of their spartan existence and the aggressive revolutionary policy it serves. The regime has launched a relentless domestic drive against "revisionism," accompanied by a campaign to create a whole new crop of "Maos," or, as the party puts it, "millions of new leaders for the revolutionary cause."

Mao has warned that the influence of Khrushchevism could "change China's color," and has declared that unless the party's next generation is as tough as

wishes Mao and his crowd would die soon. They say, "Let's just see if they can live longer than we—let's just see who will survive whom."

Firm but Flexible. Even the most optimistic U.S. policymakers concede that it might be a decade or two before such heretical opinions really begin to make themselves felt. But they feel that if the U.S. can just hang on in Asia, time is on its side. Could the process be hastened by bringing China "into polite society" and ending its isolation, as the advocates of "Chirep" and "Chiree" argue? At present—and even if such moves could be squared with the existence of Chiang's regime on Formosa—there is no evidence that "evo-



GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION IN CANTON STADIUM

The robots may turn skeptical.

the Long Marchers, "it would not be long, perhaps only a decade, before a counterrevolutionary restoration on a national scale inevitably occurred." Among children, efforts to implement "thought seedlings" are being redoubled. In a Peking nursery a French correspondent is told by the teacher that her brood is "learning to hate the class enemies." And who are they? "Landlords, reactionaries and American imperialists," chant the four- and five-year-olds. On Children's Day, parents are exhorted to nurture in their offspring a "revolutionary red heart."

But there are also some signs that not all this brainwashing is successful, that there is much indifference and some downright skepticism about party pronouncements. One recent refugee from Red China says he did not believe that Khrushchev would ever be defeated by Mao, for the simple reason that the local party secretary said he would be—and no one ever believes the party secretary. Another refugee recalls: "Every young man I talked with in Canton

lution" can be brought about that readily. Peking has shown no willingness to give anything whatever in return for concessions of this sort. More than Mao's version of Marxism is at stake: behind his insistence on undying hostility against the "imperialists" lies not so much ideology as an almost visceral, vengeful attitude toward the West.

And yet it is hard to see how the U.S. can go on indefinitely along present lines. There is a nagging, exasperated feeling that somehow, some day the situation must be moved off dead center. One old China hand expresses it thus: "We must learn to be tough without being rigid. We must be firm and flexible too." Until that paradox can be translated into action, the U.S. may have to be just firm. Mao once wrote: "Political power comes out of the barrel of a gun." Americans can amend that slightly: there is also power in money, in skill, in the belief in freedom. But Mao has a point, and the U.S. must let him know that the point will not be ignored.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Down, Down, Down

Is South Viet Nam literally ungovernable? More than ever it looked that way last week as the latest regime was installed in Saigon, amid the usual grim expressions of resolve and the usual lofty promises of reform. Hardly had the new Premier, Tran Van Huong (TIME, Nov. 6) moved into his office when he ran head-on into the same murky obstacles that had undermined not only the government of Ngo Dinh



PREMIER HUONG

Again, the apostles of anarchy.

Diem, who was murdered a year ago supposedly to clear the way for reform, but had brought down the regime of Soldier-Premier Nguyen Khanh as well.

To satisfy the clamor for a civilian government, Huong had put together a Cabinet of younger men (average age: 47) than had ruled before. They were bureaucrats and technicians who in general were chosen for ability, not to satisfy political debts. The Cabinet was, in Huong's words, determined to "crack down on graft and nepotism, strengthen the economy, improve housing, education and health." What could be wrong with that?

Plenty, according to powerful Nguyen Xuan Chu, 73, acting chairman of the High National Council, a group of official watchdogs known to Saigon cynics as the "National Museum." Huffing that he had not been consulted on the makeup of the government, Chu resigned. His real complaint seemed deeper than that—at least as deep as the grumbling of those apostles of ambiguity and anarchy, the Buddhists, who acidly objected to Premier Huong's admonition that "a sharp line must be drawn between politics and religion." Obviously the supposedly unworldly Buddhists do not cherish the doctrine of the separation of Pagoda and State.

Delicate Inquiries. Suddenly Saigon's press blossomed with warnings that "in critical times religion cannot let the military and the politicians have a free hand in national affairs," and from the main pagoda in Hue, Buddhist priests

began warning their followers that Buddhism faced "new threats," called on loyal Buddhists to defend the faith "against its enemies."

Apart from the pressure on Huong to reshuffle his Cabinet to include direct Buddhist representation, other political factions were raising their voices. Disregarding a warning by Huong against public demonstrations, a noisy rally of the National Student Union concluded with a call for dissolution of the new government and a vow to take to the streets to enforce the demand. The politicians were also sharpening their knives for Nguyen Khanh, who had only recently stepped aside as civilian leader, but stayed on as military commander in chief. In his lurching efforts to build a workable government, Khanh had purged many powerful army officers, now was reaping the rewards. Last week various members of the High National Council slipped over to the U.S. embassy to inquire delicately what the American attitude would be if Khanh were removed as army commander. In effect, if not in so many words, the answer was that the U.S. wants Khanh.

To exasperated U.S. officials, the continued political machinations seemed destined only to frustrate the fight against the Viet Cong further. Now every day brought defeat to the government troops struggling to track down and kill the elusive guerrillas. Moreover, the Viet Cong inflicted a galling psychological defeat on the U.S. forces themselves, revealing at least part of the U.S. command as grossly careless and inept.

Tempting Target. For months, row after row of U.S. aircraft—helicopters, fighter-bombers, long-range U-2 reconnaissance planes—have stood wing to wing at the important Bienhoa airport, a dozen miles northeast of Saigon. Many Air Force officers have worried at the lack of adequate perimeter defense at the base. Especially vulnerable was the northern edge of the field, where for some reason no one ever thought to clear the bush and trees that offer concealment along a wide gentle slope not far from the barracks where U.S. troops at the base are quartered.

Bienhoa became all the more tempting to the Communists after the Tonkin Gulf clashes, when more than 30 big B-57 jet bombers flew in from Pacific bases as stand-by weapons in case a long-range attack on North Viet Nam—or even China—should be called for.

Most of the B-57s crews were asleep when a little band of Viet Cong crept to within 2,500 yards of the Bienhoa flight line, took accurate aim and blasted the barracks and airstrip with 81-mm. mortars. G.I.s ran pell-mell from their bivouac as more than 100 rounds fell onto the sleeping quarters, injuring 72 and killing four. Already, the midnight raiders had pumped shell after shell onto the B-57s, destroying six and damaging at least six more. Fire spread quickly from plane to plane because they stood so close together;

sandbags would have saved many from shrapnel, but such protection did not exist because, U.S. officers explained lamely, there was insufficient local labor to fill and stack them.

As dawn broke, a tardy Vietnamese search group set off in chase, but the rebels were nowhere to be found. It remained only to clear the debris from Bienhoa's strip—blackened hulks of the wrecked planes, the bodies of the dead from the barracks, and the few dead mortar shells that had fallen without exploding. Ironically, they bore the marking "Made in USA, 1944", and were apparently part of the booty captured by the Communists when the French surrendered in 1954.

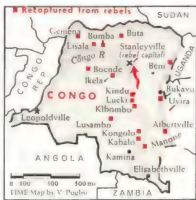
THE CONGO

The Rebels Collapse

From the depths of the Congolese rain forest came the plaintive voice of Christophe Gbenye, President of the rebels' self-proclaimed People's Republic of the Congo. "I did what I could to preserve African honor," he said in a radio message to the continent's nationalist leaders, "and you have left me alone beneath the bombardments of the Americans and Belgians. In the name of Lumumba, I utter a last appeal."

But not even the invocation of the martyred leftist was likely to help. For last week the whole rebel cause was collapsing. Incredible as it seemed, Moise Tshombe's chaotic army was advancing furiously on all fronts. Spearheaded by white mercenaries, and operating under the air cover of U.S.-supplied B-26 fighter-bombers, government troops had marched to within striking distance of the rebel capital of Stanleyville.

More Punch. The turning point came in August, when a loyalist garrison drove back a major rebel assault on Bukavu after three bloody days of street fighting, giving Tshombe's dispirited army its first real victory. Even more important, however, were 450 white mercenaries—mostly South Africans, Rhodesians and Belgians—recruited by Tshombe to give his army more punch. The mercenaries were organized into small units and sent to shore up besieged garrisons, and to lead—and often





The baffling riddle of Japan (and how to get to the heart of it)



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It's a fast-moving street with more than 30 theatres and 700 nightspots in Tokyo.

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plan—attacks on strategic rebel towns. Slowly, sporadically, Tshombe's forces began to close in. By taking Boende, they halted a rebel drive toward Leopoldville. By seizing Albertville and Uvira, they all but cut off the rebel supply lines from the Communist Chinese embassy in Burundi.

Last week the drive suddenly grew into a major offensive. Along the Uganda border, a government column shook the rebel hold on the northeastern Congo by recapturing the towns of Beni and Lubero. In the west, another force rolled unopposed from Boende all the way to Ikela, a vital road junction 185 miles from Stanleyville. But the main force came from the south. There, led by a Belgian colonel and 250 mercenaries, the 2,000-man 5th Mechanized Brigade clanked out of its staging area at Kongolo one morning, rumbled 250 miles in four days, conquered the rebel communications center at Kindu almost without firing a shot, and found itself a mere 250 miles south of Stanleyville. The brigade's principal tactical weapon along the way had been the telephone: at each town it stopped long enough to phone a warning to the rebel garrison in the next town to get out while it could. Unfailingly, the rebels fled.

Deadly Game. In Stanleyville, Gbenye's government—which from the beginning had been so disreputable that not even the Chinese Communists would recognize it—appeared to be on its last legs. Food supplies were running out, and the few remaining scraps were being black-marketed at many times their normal worth. Rebel savages, hopped up by dope and voodoo spells, pillaged the city almost unchecked. And from the surrounding rebel countryside came tales of kangaroo courts that forced their victims to swallow gasoline, then sliced them open and ignited them. Through it all, the rebel leaders quarreled and bickered among themselves; the Foreign Minister even hinted to a press conference that President Gbenye had sold out to the Americans.

If he had, the Americans would like to hear about it. For the desperate Gbenye had turned to a deadly game of blackmail. Announcing that he had taken hostage all 60 Americans and 800 Belgians who had been stranded by the rebel invasion of Stanleyville, he demanded an immediate end to U.S. and Belgian aid to Tshombe. Threatened Gbenye, in a broadcast on the official rebel radio in Stanleyville: "We can no longer guarantee the lives and property of Belgian and American citizens."

Gbenye may have been bluffing, but Tshombe obviously would rather not have to put him to the test. At week's end, as his army paused to regroup, the Premier broadcast "a solemn appeal to the rebels to lay down their arms" and arrest Gbenye and his cohorts. Added Tshombe: "We insist particularly that all foreigners held hostage must be freed, and ask the entire civilian population to protect them until our army arrives."



WILSON & HOME LEAD PARLIAMENT TO HEAR QUEEN
In the first hour, cries of "shame."

GREAT BRITAIN

Cruel to Lepers

In a crystal coach drawn by six white horses, Queen Elizabeth rode in state last week to the Palace of Westminster for the ceremonial opening of a new Parliament. Seldom has that arcane ritual seemed more at odds with reality. Elizabeth's "most gracious speech from the throne," written for the monarch by the first Labor government in her eleven-year reign, was a catalogue of welfare statism that immediately challenged the Tories' disposition to let the new administration "play itself in." Gambling its slender, five-seat majority in the House of Commons, Labor declared its determination to renationalize the steel industry, one of the few issues likely to rally the nine Liberal M.P.s behind the solidly opposed Tories in coming months.

As it turned out, the Commons had been in session hardly an hour when it was convulsed by an interparty melee that was as un-English as it was unprecedented. It had nothing to do with steel.

"Squalid Campaign." Early in his first speech as Prime Minister, Harold Wilson expressed his regret that Foreign Secretary Patrick Gordon Walker, who was unseated in last month's general election, could not take part in the debate he will probably be re-elected from a safe Labor constituency by year's end. Stung by chuckles from the Opposition benches, Wilson looked up from his notes and tore into a vitriolic attack on his predecessor, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, as well as on Peter Griffiths, the Tory candidate who defeated Gordon Walker at Smethwick, a Midlands industrial suburb that has colored immigrants.

Over a rising storm of protest from the Opposition, Wilson declared that Griffiths had won Smethwick with "an utterly squalid campaign" based on racial prejudice. Charging that the Tories would bear "a lasting brand of shame" for Sir Alec's reluctance to condemn such tactics, Wilson shouted that Griffiths should "serve his term here as a parliamentary leper." After a shocked pause, surging, howling, gestulating M.P.s from both sides of the House silenced Wilson for 15 tumultuous minutes. Never before had a new Prime Minister stirred such hostility in the Commons. Amid shouts of "Shame!" and "Disgraceful!" 25 Opposition M.P.s stalked out: a motion to censure Wilson was later signed by 50 Tories.

Pies into Pance. Even in the heat of debate, Wilson's attack on Home was hardly warranted: the Tory leader had specifically deplored racism during the campaign. For that matter, few M.P.s believed that Wilson, who is one of the coolest, wildest tacticians in the Labor Party, delivered such a diatribe on the spur of the moment.

In fact, over the next few months, Wilson's aim may be deliberately to provoke impassioned Tory opposition to Labor's vote-catching legislative goals, which range from free medicine under the National Health Service to bigger welfare benefits for a sixth of the population. Then, before pie-in-the-sky turns into shillings-and-pence in taxation, Wilson may go back to the people for a less precarious mandate. Meanwhile, four Labor backbenchers filed a tongue-in-cheek motion censuring the Prime Minister for describing Smethwick's M.P. as a "leper." Wilson, they declared, had thus cast "a cruel and unmerited slight on lepers."

RUSSIA

Lara's Return

"The riddle of life, the riddle of death, the enchantment of genius, of unadorned beauty—these things were ours," wept the beautiful Lara over the body of her lover, Dr. Zhivago. "But the small problems of practical life—things like the reshaping of the planet—these things, no thank you, they are not for us." Soon afterward, the heroine of Poet Boris Pasternak's great novel was arrested by Soviet secret police "and probably died somewhere, forgotten as a nameless number on a list that afterwards got mislaid, in



OLGA AT PASTERNAK'S FUNERAL (1960)

"The small problems are not for us."

one of the concentration camps of the north."

Lara's fictional fate was prophetic. In 1960, after Pasternak himself died, Soviet secret police arrested Olga Ivinskaya, the handsome blonde poetess who had been Pasternak's great love, soul mate, literary agent and secretary—and his model for the tender and generous Lara. It was the second time Olga had had to pay for her devotion: after the Stalin regime accused Pasternak of intellectual heresy, she spent four years in a concentration camp, was released only in the amnesty following Stalin's death in 1953. Last week, possibly as a consequence of Khrushchev's ouster, Olga, at 59, was again free.

After a fashion. During her four years as librarian of the Potma Work Camp in Siberia, she had written a sheaf of poems—but she needed government permission to publish them. To keep herself alive, she hoped to return to her work as a translator of foreign poets, but that too required government approval. Since her small apartment on Moscow's Potapov Street had been

turned over to strangers, she was even dependent on the state for new quarters.

But the small problems of practical life were no more for Olga than they had been for Lara. She spent her first day in Moscow at Pasternak's grave.

EUROPE

To NATO's Brink

On the surface it looked like a case of megalomania aggravated by logic.

The megalomania seemed to be De Gaulle's, determined as he was to be the leader of Europe and apparently ready to wreck both the Common Market and NATO if they stood in his way. The logic was provided by his Foreign Minister, Maurice Couve de Murville, who was full of brilliant French arguments about how a true partnership between the U.S. and France required two entirely separate policies. On closer examination, however, the megalomania was perhaps not quite so maniacal and the logic not quite so logical.

No Mood for Patience. On the Common Market, the French position was, on the whole, unassailable. All Paris really wanted was for West Germany to stick to a previously reached agreement for the reduction of agricultural prices. Because Germany's inefficient subsidized farmers want no part of this and because Chancellor Ludwig Erhard faces an election next year, Bonn was dragging its feet. A more sympathetic character than Charles de Gaulle might have understood and been patient. De Gaulle understood, all right, but he was in no mood for patience. There were renewed threats that unless he got satisfaction on the issue, he might pull out of the Market entirely.

Would he really do it? "France will look twice before making a fatal move," declared *Le Monde*, pointing out that thanks to the Treaty of Rome, French industrialists have broken with a long tradition of protectionism and have been building industrial strength on a multinational scale—the only way to meet American competition. Yet Premier Georges Pompidou was quoted by friends as saying, "*Nous partirons.*" He could of course be talking of a limited departure—perhaps absence from sessions of The Six for a few weeks.

French Reasoning. On NATO, the French position is considerably less logical. Basically, De Gaulle holds that to be truly sovereign today, a nation needs its own atomic deterrent, and he insists that France must have its *force de frappe* rather than rely on the U.S. But what about other European countries, notably West Germany? To them he says blandly that they can always rely on France. In short, he treats the rest of Europe the way he says Washington treats him.

For that reason he opposes MLF, the U.S.-backed scheme for internationally manned, nuclear-equipped surface ships that would give European nations a sense of participation in nuclear defense but still leave with the

U.S. President the actual decision to use the missiles. At an eleven-hour foreign-policy debate in the French assembly, Couve de Murville in effect argued that MLF is a phony, that it would divide and not unite Europe. He was particularly angry at Bonn, which had accepted MLF as well as virtually every other U.S. plan, while being increasingly cool to De Gaulle's policies.

Where French reasoning breaks down is that MLF would give the Germans at least a squeeze on the nuclear trigger, while the French *force de frappe* would give them, in effect, nothing. The point was perfectly expressed in a recent conversation between a German and a French official. The dialogue went something like this:

Frenchman: We need you in our *force de frappe*. An atomic arsenal is expensive, and German cooperation would be to both our advantages.

German: But your offer is much more costly than MLF. Who would have ultimate say in the use of the weapons under your plan?

Frenchman: Well, of course, we would expect to maintain control.

German: You are saying that we should invest much more money in a tiny atomic force that you control rather than less money in an enormous atomic force that the Americans control. We would get more of our money's worth with the Americans.

Frenchman: Ah, *mon ami*, you do not understand the Americans. You only fought against them in two wars. They were our allies. And let me tell you, they always come late.

Stirring Gestures. The only alternative to 1) MLF and 2) a French-controlled nuclear force would be a truly integrated European army with its own nuclear capacity. But De Gaulle dislikes the idea of such integration, and Washington dislikes the idea of giving up its nuclear veto. If the U.S. persists with the MLF scheme—which Britain's Labor government may accept, although with modifications—the French hint that they might pull out of NATO.

Just how France would go about this is of course interesting. All the way? Limited withdrawals? Probably the latter, with such starting gestures as pulling French officers out of supreme headquarters near Paris or out of the NATO standing group in Washington. If that didn't have sufficient effect, then might come the withdrawal of the two ground divisions or the 27 fighter-bomber squadrons that operate as part of NATO's central command.

Whether this is what De Gaulle actually has in mind, no one can tell. Chances are, however, that he is merely trying to push things to the brink of chaos and then have the pieces reassembled more to his liking. Said Pompidou: "The Atlantic Alliance must be rethought. It must be remolded, reorganized." Probably true, but how? Neither Pompidou nor Couve nor anyone else in France so far has made any practical suggestions.



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THE HEMISPHERE

POLITICS

Continent of Upheaval

When John Kennedy stood before the world in 1961 and proposed his *Alianza para el Progreso*, his dream was a partnership that would strengthen the economic and democratic institutions of Latin America. Since then, the U.S. has sunk \$3.7 billion into Latin America. Yet it remains a continent of upheaval, swept by persistent revolution that betrays a discouraging inability to maintain a stable government. Last week's revolt in Bolivia marked the ninth time a military regime has taken power by force in the last four years.



BARRIENTOS

Alone on the balcony.

Counting the brutal dictatorships in Cuba and Haiti and the more or less benevolent ones in Paraguay and Nicaragua, 13 of the Hemisphere's 20 nations have been ruled by military force at one time or another since the *Alianza* was born.

Whether Bolivia's new rulers prove better or worse than the civilians they deposed remains to be seen. Recent military regimes in Latin America have established that they cannot immediately be presumed to be bad. They represent a different breed than the medal-jangling "strongman" epitomized by Argentina's exiled Juan Perón and Venezuela's imprisoned Pérez Jiménez. Today's soldiers are deeply disturbed about Castroism, disgusted by graft, inefficiency and thoughtless political warfare. Right or wrong, they claim to have seized power to prevent chaos. In most cases, they seem content to return to constitutional government after imposing at least a semblance of order.

Cooling the Tempers. Two years ago in Peru, the army stepped in after an inconclusive election threatened to divide the country into warring camps; when tempers cooled, Peru had another

election, and now President Fernando Belaúnde Terry is successfully working to develop the country. In Ecuador, the military retrieved the country from the boozy, embarrassing excesses of President Carlos Julio Arosemena and pressed on with a sobering program of austerity and fiscal reforms. In El Salvador, hurly Army Colonel Julio Rivera took power three years ago; he has now been freely elected constitutional President, is breaking the hold of the aristocracy and improving the lot of the peasants. "Only by giving liberty with reforms," says Rivera, "can we demonstrate that Fidel is a fraud." Guatemala's junta of colonels has given the country its biggest—and most surprising—boom in history. In Brazil, the question was not whether Leftist João Goulart would lead Latin America's biggest nation into civil war—but when. Under Humberto Castello Branco, a retired army general, the country finally seems pointed toward stability, if the reforms continue and the revolutionaries can keep from fighting among themselves.

Far less successful were the Argentine generals who ousted Arturo Frondizi in 1962 only to compound their country's problems and transfer the mess to a weak President Arturo Illia. In the Dominican Republic, the military overthrew the inept Juan Bosch, then turned over power to a triply inept civilian triumvirate. And in Honduras, the army officers who toppled President Ramón Villeda Morales last year are slowly running the country's faltering economy into the ground.

Continuing Rumbles. Of the handful of nations that have escaped recent revolution, Mexico continues to flourish under its one-party "guided democracy." Chile, which has gone 32 years without a revolution, inaugurated a new President last week—Christian Democrat Eduardo Frei, a 53-year-old former attorney who defeated a Castro-lining Marxist in the country's September elections. Wealthy little Costa Rica, with its long tradition of law and order, also seems secure. Venezuela owes its stability to the fiery determination of President Rómulo Betancourt and the growing statesmanship of his successor, Raúl Leoni.

But the rumbles of discontent are growing loud in Colombia, which was once regarded as the showcase of the *Alianza*. President Guillermo León Valencia was chosen two years ago as a compromise candidate of the ruling coalition of Liberals and Conservatives. Yet he has little taste for the job, spends much of his time engrossed in poetry or hunting ducks. The economy is stagnating and the coalition is splintering apart. Colombia's military men are openly critical, while opponents of the regime in Congress even talk about voting an "alternate" President in case Valencia "steps down."

BOLIVIA

A General in Charge

The conferences in the presidential palace continued almost without a break for 48 hours as the military revolt spread across the country. Finally, rather than risk a full-scale civil war, Victor Paz Estenssoro, 57, President of Bolivia, climbed into his bulletproof Cadillac for a tire-screaming ride to La Paz's El Alto Airport. There, pale and somber, he followed his beautiful wife Maria Teresa, 32, and four children aboard a military C-47 and flew off to exile in Lima, Peru. The camera of the lone photographer who snapped the depart-



PAZ

Away without pictures.

ture was seized by an air force officer. "Why spoil everything?" said the officer, confiscating the film. "We want to make it nice for him."

Thus ended, at least temporarily, the political career of one of Latin America's most fascinating and controversial statesmen. Paz was one of the organizers of the 1952 revolt that overturned the tin barons and emancipated the Bolivian population from virtual serfdom. As President for all but four years since then, he pushed through needed tax reforms, redistributed land, built roads and hospitals, and began a program to resettle 500,000 Bolivians from the barren plateau to the more fertile valleys. A firm friend of the U.S., he gave ardent support to the Alliance for Progress, created so favorable an economic climate that foreign capital began to flow in, bringing a modest boom.

Stretching the Constitution. Yet in Bolivia's hotheaded politics, where emotions soar as high as the Andes, Paz made many enemies. Last year he rammed through a questionable constitutional amendment allowing him to run for a second consecutive term. In protest, opposition parties, and even many



THIS PICTURE WAS MADE IN A MINUTE. You could wait a week for a color print and not get one half as beautiful. The Polaroid Color Pack Camera helps you get more interesting pictures, too. Since the electric eye

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of his own party members, handed in empty ballots in the May election. As the hostility increased, Paz in September declared a state of siege, imposing censorship and packing several of his loudest critics off to exile. Next Paz quarreled with his Vice President, René Barrientos, 45, an ambitious air force general who bitterly complained of Paz's dictatorial ways.

Resentment flared into the open two weeks ago as students and miners rioted in half a dozen towns. But with the army on his side, Paz squelched the uprising. Then last week, the army's crack Ingavi Regiment revolted in La Paz—and rebellion flamed through garrisons all around the country. From his home town of Cochabamba, where he had gone to avoid Paz, Barrientos openly denounced the President as ruthless and called on him to resign.

Realizing that he lacked the support to hang on, Paz decided to flee, leaving General Alfredo Ovando Candia, 46, commander in chief of the armed forces, to pick up the pieces. For 24 hours anti-government rioters surged through La Paz, looting, burning and sniping at army troops sent to keep order. Before it was over, 45 were killed, 160 wounded. Out of hiding came Leftist Juan Lechin, 51, Paz's archrival and boss of most of the country's 35,000 tin miners. Adding to the chaos, his miners demanded the re-establishment of union control of the mines.

Enter General Sob. To govern the country until elections could be held, Ovando announced a military junta, naming Barrientos and himself as co-Presidents. But Ovando, a colorless soldier, had not reckoned on the big ambitions of Barrientos. Entering La Paz to a hero's welcome, Barrientos sped to the presidential palace. Within four hours he appeared alone on the balcony, told a wildly cheering crowd that Ovando, "with his usual unselfishness, has resigned." He, Barrientos, would rule alone as President.

An outspoken anti-Communist, Barrientos has been a friend of the U.S. ever since he took his pilot training at Randolph Field in Texas. He understands the need for reform and development, promises free elections as soon as possible. But many observers fear that he lacks the ability to deal with the country's complex economic problems, and his speeches often show a disturbing demagogic tone. He becomes so emotional on the platform that his nickname is "General Sob."

THE MILITARY

A Changing Role

The military men of Latin America have long been more interested in prestige and political power than in the real business of soldiering. Now, while they are still ready, willing and able to pull a coup—as they did in Bolivia last week—they are placing new emphasis on a practical military problem.

They are a surprisingly large force.

Since World War II, Latin American nations have kept an average 500,000 men under arms, and spent some \$1.6 billion annually on their care and feeding. Much of the money has gone for such status symbols as Caracas' \$10 million officers' club; millions more went into early pensions. Proudest symbols of all are some expensive toys of war. Venezuela's air force boasts a fleet of British Canberra jet bombers and U.S.-made F-86 Sabre jets. Because Peru bought four submarines, little Ecuador hurried out and got three Canberras. In 1956, Brazil spent \$36 million on Latin America's first aircraft carrier (without a single plane to put aboard), so Argentina naturally added a surplus British carrier to its fleet.

Latin America's military men stoutly insist that such heavy equipment is necessary in case of war. But the last Latin American war was fought from 1932 to 1935 between Paraguay and Bolivia over a scrap of wasteland known as the Chaco. There seems little likelihood of another such territorial struggle; nor is there much chance that any World War III could be fought in Latin America.

Learning about Guerrillas. The one future war that Latin Americans are likely to fight is quite a different sort. It is against the flitting Castro guerrillas, who promise to "liberate" the people. This is the kind of war that Latin armies have only recently begun to learn about.

Some 1,500 guerrillas already operate in Venezuela, defying the best efforts of the army to root them out. There are will-o'-the-wisp Communist bands in the Andean hills of Colombia and Peru, in the jungles of Honduras and Guatemala. The guerrilla potential elsewhere is described by one top U.S. policymaker as "something that is going to keep us awake at night in the next ten years."

The guerrillas openly sneer at clumsy pursuit by tanks and jets. With a nudge from the U.S., Latin American military budgets are starting to call for Jeeps, mortars, radios, helicopters, coastal patrol boats and other mundane articles that would have been sniffed at a few years ago. Hundreds of enlisted men and officers attend the U.S. anti-guerrilla training schools in the Panama Canal Zone. They study guerrilla tactics and jungle survival, learn how to strangle a man with a hootlax, operate communications equipment, camouflage themselves and shinny up rope ladders like spiders.

From Bully to Friend. Latin America's soldiers are also learning about "civic action"—the needful art of winning *campesino* support before the guerrillas do. One of the reasons Fidel Castro survived in Cuba's hills was that the peasants despised Dictator Fulgencio Batista's bullying troops. By contrast,



COLOMBIAN TROOPS GIVING MEDICAL AID



WAGING BANDIT WAR IN BACKLANDS

From jets to Jeeps.

the Bolivian army runs eight experimental and educational farms for *campesinos*. What popularity Bolivia's new junta chief René Barrientos commands stems partly from the fact that he is an ardent supporter of *Acción Cívica*. Peru's army labors mightily building roads into the undeveloped eastern lowlands. In Guatemala, troops have built football fields, made Christmas toys, turned ammo cases into school desks, and built public bathhouses.

The new emphasis is most noticeable in Colombia, where 90% of the nation's army is committed to anti-guerrilla warfare. Colombia's war began in 1948 as a political feud between the country's liberals and conservatives, soon degenerated into a senseless episode of banditry that has cost 200,000 lives in 16 years. Not until two years ago when Major General Alberto Ruiz Novoa became War Minister did the government make any headway.

Ruiz Novoa splintered his unwieldy divisions into tiny, mobile hunter-killer groups and sent them out to play hide and seek with guerrillas. *La violencia* has been cut 80%, and the number of bandits killed climbed to almost 800 last year. At the same time, civic action hands out medical aid, helps peasants build schools, push through roads and expand farm output. "The Colombian peasant is the soldier's friend now," says an army commander, "and we can't let him down."

PEOPLE

Not so long ago, Britain's **Harold Wilson**, 48, was barking "I'm not a performing seal!" at lensmen who tried to photograph him drinking tea. But times do change, and in Hampstead the Prime Minister obligingly teed off to cozy up his image. It was billed as a pause in the day's grind. "I unwind quickly in the fresh air," Wilson offered, adding, in case the photographers couldn't tell: "I'm not very good at golf." Feet too close together, knee locked, arms carefully flexed, he poised to drive—er, ah, maybe it was supposed to be the other way around. Well, anyway, there wasn't a ball in sight, and as the columnist in the *London Daily Mail* observed, "I've never heard of a golfer shoving the stem of his pipe into the roof of his mouth during a swing!"

Harry S. Truman and **Dwight D. Eisenhower** haven't been in agreement on too many topics. But some subjects clearly transcend old animosities. This week the Planned Parenthood-World Population federation announces in Manhattan that the two ex-Presidents will become co-chairmen of its Honorary Sponsors Council.

"I do not collect," said Washington's **Gwen Cadriz**. She meant paintings, since she was a guest, not a hostess, at the Manhattan society opening of 32 landscapes and still lifes by French Artist **Bernard Buffet**, 36. The gallery was filled with art inexperience. "Buffet paints a variety of styles!" remarked one black tie, eyeing some Picassos hanging near by. But Peter Duchin's hand was playing, the buffets were laden with filet mignon and champagne, and even the upper-case Buffet felt decidedly à la mode. Already 20 of his oils—which he simply dashed off—were sold at Dom Pérignon prices (\$7,000 to \$12,000).



BUFFET & ANNABEL
Oils à la mode.



WILSON
Poised like a seal.

And his chef-d'oeuvre was his wife **Annabel**, 36, a former mannequin whose Balenciaga he had selected, and whose black hair he had cut in the style of a Spanish toreador.

When a Russian thinks of an American novelist, he thinks of serious types, social historians like Theodore Dreiser and Upton Sinclair. But the Wapshots' chronicler, **John Cheever**, 52, having updated the U.S. picture, was busy catching up on the Soviets too. In Moscow, at the end of a month-long tour of the Soviet Union, Cheever heard Poet **Evgeny Evtushenko**, 31, recite his verse, after which Evtushenko took Cheever, another visitor, Novelist **John Updike**, and several pretty comrades off to a country *dacha* for some tonic research into suburban Soviet vodka parties. Cheever concluded that Evtushenko's lyric performance was "the most exciting thing I've ever heard," but he admired even more how Soviet writers have accepted their role as "leaders in life and love and art."

In 1939, **Bernice ("Bunny") Miller** joined the secretarial staff of **Herbert Hoover** "on a temporary basis." Last week, when the will of the former President, who died on Oct. 20 at 90, was filed in Manhattan, she learned that her employer of 25 years had left her a \$50,000 trust fund, while five other secretaries inherited from \$10,000 to \$30,000 apiece. Before his death he had transferred much of his wealth to trust funds set up for his two sons. And to his elder son, **Herbert Jr.**, like his father a successful mining engineer and from 1954 to 1957 Under Secretary of State, Hoover be-

queathed another \$5,000 "as evidence of my affection." The balance of the estate, estimated at more than \$5,000,000 in diversified stocks, bonds and real estate, will go to trust funds set up for the three children of Hoover's younger son, **Allan**.

Rod Steiger, 39, has played **Al Capone**, as well as a thug in *On the Waterfront*. But a sterling personality belies that base exterior, as Italian Producer **Ermanno Olmi** knew, and so he cast Steiger as **Pope John XXIII**, in the Vatican-approved screen version of the late Pope's diary. *And There Came a Man*, as it will be called, is now being filmed in John's native *Sotto il Monte* and, says Olmi happily, "there will be no mixing of the sacred and profane." Says Steiger, who was raised a Lutheran: "I consider this part a regeneration."

Why was Greece's **King Constantine**, 24, who as a bachelor did his bit for the scrapyards, driving so slowly along the twisting roads of Macedonia on a state tour with his bride of six weeks, **Queen Anne-Marie**? "We believe we are expecting a happy event," he explained—say along about next June.

There will never be enough orchestras to suit Conductor **Leopold Stokowski**, 82. And plans to tear down Carnegie Hall when the New York Philharmonic moved out distressed him because that meant one less stage big enough to seat 96 musicians. So he, Violinist **Isaac Stern** and some others blew the whistle on the wreckers, and Stokowski founded the American Symphony as Carnegie's new tenant—whereupon the U.S. Government designated the hall a national landmark. Interior Secretary **Stewart Udall**, 44, went up to affix the plaque on the wall outside, but Stokowski took the Arizonian up to the podium, to show him where all the wide open space was.



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MEDICINE

HEMATOLOGY

Heating Up the Blood

Of the 2,000,000 or more Americans who get transfusions every year, too many die on the operating table, and some as the result of a medical mistake. Surgeons and anesthesiologists, who are cautious about matching blood groups, have been ignoring the fundamental fact that circulating blood is warm; they have been pouring refrigerated blood into their patients' veins.

A single pint or two of blood that has been kept chilled to 40° F. to keep its red cells from deteriorating might do no harm. And it is usually out of the ice-box long enough to warm up a little before surgery. The body can handle the difference in temperature when the volume of the transfusion is not too large. But if a surgery patient needs several pints, the shock of the frigid flood fresh from the blood bank may kill him.

The heart is the first organ that the cold blood reaches after it is dripped in through an arm vein, and the heart is sensitive to cold. Excess chilling can easily cause it to stop or go into useless twitching (fibrillation) from which the patient may never recover.

Guarding against such an accident is easy. In the *Annals of Surgery*, Dr. C. Paul Boyan of Manhattan's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center describes a plastic coil immersed in a bath of water kept at blood heat. The blood, passing through the coil on its way from the transfusion bottle to the patient's arm, reaches his heart at just the right temperature. Heart stoppage used to occur in about 50% of patients who got six pints or more of chilled blood; it occurs in only 7% now that they get coil-warmed blood.



DR. BOYAN & COIL BATH WARMER
Cutting the risks sevenfold.



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Reducing the costs by half.

THERAPY

Cleaning Up the Blood

When the kidneys fail to work and there is no hope of starting them up again, the resulting uremia is fatal in about three weeks. A hospital would seem to be the only place where victims could get adequate care. Hundreds of hospitals are equipped with artificial kidneys which are costly to install, even more costly to operate. For each of the 100 U.S. patients who regularly get lengthy treatments, usually twice a week, the cost is \$10,000 a year. But now the artificial kidney is moving out of the hospital, into the home. It promises to cut costs in half.

Water from the Faucet. Two afternoons each week, a Boston lawyer leaves his office early and goes home to bed. His rolled-up left sleeve discloses two plastic tubes permanently implanted in his forearm, one set in a vein, the other in an artery. Their outside ends are connected so that blood flows freely through them. A physician from Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital takes the lawyer's blood pressure. In his bedroom, near the bathroom, is a waist-high tank of stainless steel equipped with an electric motor and pump, an array of tubes, and a hose that is hooked onto the bathroom faucet.

Meanwhile, a nurse from the Brigham has put sterile coils in the tank's bath of dialysate (filtering solution) and added chemicals. She uses about 13 pints of the lawyer's blood, stored from the last treatment, to prime the coil. Then she connects a thin hose from the

artificial kidney to the artery tube in his arm. He bleeds a little to finish the priming and the nurse hooks another hose to his vein tube. That completes the liquid circuit, and she switches on the machine. When all is going well, the doctor leaves.

For four to six hours, while the lawyer can doze or read briefs, the blood from his forearm artery flows through the plastic coils in the bath. Metabolic poisons that should have been excreted in his urine have accumulated in his blood. (Uremia patients urinate, but pass only a small volume of weak, watery liquid.) In the artificial kidney, the poisons are leached out of the blood through the walls of the cellophane tubing and into the chemical bath.

Time for Homework. Dr. John P. Merrill, head of the Brigham's cardio-renal section, says in the *A.M.A. Journal* that he sees no need for a physician to be in constant attendance, provided he is within reach by telephone. He thinks wives can be trained to take the nurse's place, and in two cases involving Brigham patients, they have already begun to do so.

Dr. Belding H. Scribner of the Seattle Artificial Kidney Unit, which houses a monster machine for treating 15 patients at once under hospital conditions (*TIME*, April 24), is also treating two patients at home by essentially the same technique as that used in Boston, though the equipment differs in detail. One of his patients is a high school girl who leaves classes early twice a week so that her mother can dialyze her, while she does her homework.



Fashion or Function?

Women love pretty things . . . and they hate doing the wash. That, in a slightly over-simplified nutshell is the chemical problem of the fiber maker.

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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Sizing It Up

"It was a great victory for conservatism," said the Milwaukee Sentinel. "An overwhelming majority voted to conserve the status quo—to preserve the system of government by subsidy which the Democrats have made the American way of life." Thus last week one of the 359 U.S. dailies that had endorsed Barry Goldwater assessed the meaning of his defeat.

Avalanche's Trigger. Other pro-Goldwater papers took a different tack. The Chicago Tribune took cheer from the fact that 26.6 million voters "were willing to support the spokesman of a conservative philosophy in a time of general prosperity and against an entrenched political apparatus of enormous power." The Tribune discounted the 42.3 million who voted for Johnson: "Whether they were voting for anything is extremely doubtful."

In Birmingham, the News, an early and sturdy Goldwater adherent, solaced itself with a post-mortem editorial: "Barry Goldwater was beaten. But that does not mean that what he stood for is wrong or discredited." Bill Knowland's Oakland, Calif., Tribune explained what had triggered the landslide: "Unfortunately for the Republican presidential candidate, he received no support from leaders of his own party in several states."

Some of Goldwater's press partisans offered a more caustic analysis. "Full blame for the G.O.P.'s abysmal showing cannot yet be fully assigned," said the Los Angeles Times, which had reluctantly declared for Goldwater be-

cause it had publicly sworn before San Francisco to support whomever the party nominated. "But much responsibility must be laid to the candidate himself. In his zeal to promulgate the conservative cause, he managed to alienate the vital middle." Said the Richmond, Va., News Leader: "There is nothing to be gained from sugar-coating the pill. We got clothered."

Notes of Composure. For the most part, papers that had backed Johnson managed to avoid an excess of jubilation. Somewhere between its overstated front-page headline (G.O.P. LEFT IN RUINS BY JOHNSON SWEEP) and the editorial page, the New York World-Telegram recovered its composure. "One hopes that the President won't let this one-sided victory go to his head," said the World-Telegram. "His 'mandate' isn't all it may seem at first glance."

The same note was struck by the San Francisco Chronicle, which had broken with its own Republican tradition to endorse Johnson: "So great a tide of votes" carries with it "the obligation and responsibility to use his new authority with bold and creative, yet prudent, statesmanship." The New York Herald Tribune, another paper that abandoned its normally Republican posture this year, found a boundary for Johnson's mandate: "The limits of consensus of the great national coalition that gave it." Among major U.S. papers, the Philadelphia Inquirer was almost alone in its unqualified enthusiasm. The Inquirer called the election "a fine personal victory" for Johnson, "a manifestation of affection and respect for him as an individual and as President."

Crossed Fingers. Those papers that had declined to support either candidate sounded a post-election note of neutrality—one that leaned, though, toward the candidate they had favored but had not endorsed. The New York Daily News let a day go by ("We don't like to break in between editions with a hastily written election editorial") before summing up: "In the light of our President's strange and unsavory political past, many Americans will be hoping for the best and keeping their fingers crossed. So will we." It illustrated its position with an editorial cartoon that was even more succinctly stated than its editorial (*see cut*).

The Wall Street Journal, which never endorses presidential candidates, acted almost as if no election had taken place. On the morning after, it held its coverage to 2½ in. on Page One. Next day the Journal weighed in with an editorial that seemed to lay the blame for defeat on Barry & Co.: "Should conservatism now be eclipsed for a time, it will not be for defeat of its principles but default of its spokesmen. In that circumstance lies such opportunity as exists, in other years, for other voices."

Public Pressure in Detroit

In the hope that union strikers may be susceptible to public pressure, the Rt. Rev. Richard S. Emrich, Episcopal Bishop of Michigan, applied some of that pressure last week to Detroit's newspaper strike, now in its fourth month. By taking a "public be damned" attitude, said Bishop Emrich, Detroit's printing-pressmen and the paper and plate handlers who walked off both the Free Press and News last July, have threatened the legitimate cause of unionism. Their insistence on terms beyond those accepted by twelve other



BISHOP EMRICH

"A scandalous misuse of power."

unions, said the bishop, was "a scandalous misuse of power."

The bishop's words seemed to have an effect. At week's end both labor and management were talking again, in a settlement effort shifted to neutral ground in Toledo, Ohio.

MAGAZINES

No Solution at Curtis

Without comment, Curtis Publishing Co. last week released some statistical bad news: its nine-month report. The figures showed that through September, Curtis had an operating loss of \$8,000,000—a deficit substantial enough to assure the publishing house its fourth straight year in the red. To add to its troubles, there is the editorial rebellion that for more than a month has occupied the attention of the Curtis board.

As if all that were not enough, Curtis management is also embroiled in a suit brought by a minority stockholder who has charged that stock-option plans and some top management salaries are an illegal waste of company assets. Until the suit is settled, Curtis executives cannot exercise their options.

Since Oct. 1, when the dissident group demanded the ouster of Curtis President Matthew J. Culligan, the board has met



NEW YORK DAILY NEWS CARTOON
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Capital's Newest: The Washington Hilton. Opening this coming Spring, the 1240-room Washington Hilton brings all the pleasures of resort living right to the city's convenient embassy area. For your relaxation, there are tennis courts, an Olympic-sized swimming pool, children's wading pool, cabanas, gardens, superb restaurants. For business, social and diplomatic functions: Washington's newest hotel ballroom seating 4300, plus 36 other meeting rooms. And from the hotel's hilltop location: commanding views of the city. For your convenience—there's a 640-car garage, too.

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at least half a dozen times in a vain search for a comprehensive solution to the company's problems. The rebel leaders, Editor in Chief Clay Blair Jr. and Marvin D. Kantor, head of the magazine division, were first suspended, then fired. Both stayed on Curtis' board—and last week both brought suit against Curtis for the unpaid balance of their contracts, which have two more years to run. The suit is directed against Curtis, the First National Bank of Boston and First National's Vice Chairman Serge Semenenko, the man who arranged a \$35 million bank loan for Curtis last year.

The directors have yet to find a replacement for President Culligan, who was relieved of his title but was al-

NEW YORK JOURNAL-AMERICAN



SERGE SEMENENKO & WIFE
A report without comment.

lowed to stay on as chairman of the board. Raymond De Pue McGarahan, the Los Angeles oil company executive who was widely heralded as Culligan's successor, has joined the Curtis board but has declared that he is not a presidential candidate—nor has he yet attended a board meeting.

As for the holes left by Kantor and Blair—and by the four editorial hands who have resigned, among them two assistant managing editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*—the directors did not fill them at a meeting last week.

Show Sold

In its three years, *Show*, a \$1-a-copy monthly addressed to the performing arts, has absorbed *USA!* (an illustrated monthly newsmagazine) and *Show Business Illustrated* (a rival put out by *Playboy* Publisher Hugh Hefner), expanded its formula to encompass culture in general, from travel to politics, and in the process grandly lost \$8,000,000. Since *Show's* publisher is A. & P. Heir Huntington Hartford, the red ink was not too significant. But with circulation at 200,000 and still shy of the break-even point, Hartford last week decided to hand over *Show* to *Playbill*, Inc. for a price that involved

no "appreciable" amount of money.

Playbill, which turns a steady profit giving away program magazines to theatergoers around the U.S., is pledged to keep *Show* going for at least two years. Beginning in February, it will enrich the package by including tear-out coated-paper records—"something like Sir Laurence Olivier doing a scene from *Othello*." Hartford will stay on as a nonpaid editorial adviser. If the magazine makes out, Hartford may recoup as much as \$1,000,000.

REPORTERS

The Sentimental Cynic

Damon Runyon died of cancer in 1946, after having contributed some 90 million words to the newspaper record of his time. Much of this prodigious output appeared in Hearst's old New York American, where Runyon inscribed such transitory events as prize-fights, ball games, murder trials and wars. He may well have been the most-read U.S. journalist of his day, says Biographer Edwin P. Hoyt in *A Gentleman of Broadway* (Little, Brown & Co.; \$6.95); but Hoyt argues convincingly that Reporter Runyon was also the most misread.

Broadway was Runyon's country. In his other career as a short-story writer, he peopled the Great White Way with a tender host of *Gays and Dolls*—Harry the Horse, Nicely-Nicely Johnson, Madame LaGimp, a long parade of gold-hearted touts, pimps and whores. Thanks to the characters he created, Runyon is best remembered as the sentimental troubadour of that most cynical of all streets. The truth is, though, that Runyon was all cynic himself. By romanticizing Broadway, he was thumbing his nose at the world of respectability that he mistrusted and despised.

Cold Blue Eyes. "When a prominent citizen gets jammed up with the rules," he once wrote, "there are always a lot of folks ready to turn on the brine for him. But when some beazark that no one ever heard of gets found out, they rush him off to the sneezer or jail, with never a sob gulped out in his behalf." Yet when two beazarks awaited execution in Massachusetts in 1927, Runyon turned in a story so unsentimental that his editors refused to run it: "They're frying Sacco and Vanzetti in the morning," ran the lead.

Runyon lived by a cynic's creed: "If every person in the world was taught from birth to trust no one, it would eventually be a universal state of mind." He followed a cynic's success formula: "Get the money." His cold blue eyes discouraged friendship. From his attitude in journalism he could reach a hand down to promising young comers—Bob Considine, Paul Gallico—only to turn on them if they seemed to threaten his position. One he always cut was Ring Lardner, whom Runyon suspected—rightly—was a writer of far greater insight, substance and style.

Early & Alone. A gambling friend once told Runyon that the odds were 9 to 5 against everything in life. Alfred Damon Runyan,* as he was born in Manhattan, Kans., faced worse odds than that. His father was a sometime newspaper publisher reduced to typesetting and the bottle. His mother died when he was seven. Before he was out of his teens he was both a newspaperman and a drunk.

Success did not mellow Runyon. He never stopped trying to impress newsroom recruits with his \$40 shoes (size 5½) and his sharpie suits. He avoided the sportswriting clan's easy fraternity, arriving early and alone at the ballpark, leaving alone and late. He was a married hachelor whose first wife

BOSTON AND RICHARD MURRAY



DAMON RUNYON & SECOND WIFE
9-to-5 odds against everything.

died of the habit that he had kicked. His second marriage, to a Broadway showgirl in 1932, ended in divorce six months before he died.

Small-Timer. Only on Broadway did he find characters with a cynicism to match his own. They told him where the bodies were buried, and he repaid their trust by miscasting them in solid-citizen roles. Assigned by Hearst to an anti-rackets crusade in 1933, Runyon led off with the charge that the Administration of President Harding was "the most brazen display of racketeering in our times." His story went on to tick off other notable racketeers—"after the bankers come the Wall Streeters"—before arriving at Al Capone, who was charitably described as a "small-timer."

Biographer Hoyt finds it strange that Runyon's dark side went so unrecognized, since Runyon himself gave it such a lifelong promenade. "By saying something with a half-boob air," Runyon once wrote of himself, "he gets ideas out of his system on the wrongs of this world which indicate that he must have been a great rebel at heart."

* An errant printer in Pueblo, Colo., changed his last name to Runyon. An editor on Hearst's American eliminated the Alfred.

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—just what the
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...and for you, too! There is no finer way to your destination than a Delta Jet... no finer tonic for weary spirits than Delta's personal, quick, exceedingly thoughtful service!



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the air line with the **BIG JETS**

SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

Death of STV

Last week's political landslide was so massive that some of the buried victims went almost unnoticed. Pay television in California, for example, was extinguished.

On the California ballot was a proposition that had been put there as the result of a petition signed by over 500,000 voters. It asked, in effect, if Californians approved of legislation that had already enabled Pat Weaver's Subscription Television Inc. to go into business. Californians overwhelmingly said no.

Death Rattle. Weaver's STV, which already has over 6,000 subscribers in the Los Angeles and San Francisco areas, has been on the air since July, beaming plays, opera, lectures and ball games to clients on a pay-as-you-see basis. Over \$22 million had been invested in it before Election Day. Since STV is the most advanced of all pay-TV systems to date, the California vote may have sounded a national death rattle for all of pay TV.

The organizers who clobbered STV were largely movie-theater owners and commercial TV interests, who collected signatures in theater lobbies and on street corners all over the state. The argument they offered was that pay-TV customers would one day find themselves paying to see shows they now see for nothing. And carrying the argument a bit farther, they also warned that pay TV could become just as commercial as contemporary network television. Once the existing networks had been defeated, the argument went, nothing could stop Weaver's company from introducing commercials into pay TV.

The astounding success of the California initiative could put ideas into other people's heads elsewhere. A united front of glue-makers, for example, might collect enough votes to ban the manufacture of Scotch tape. Chrysler could war on General Motors. Whichever collected the fewest votes would die a corporate death.

Public Issue. Actually, the pay-TV question was subject to public review only because STV uses telephone lines, a public utility. Last year the California Public Utilities Commission approved STV's contract with the Pacific Telephone Co., and the state assembly passed needed tax legislation. According to California law, any public issue can be decided on an election ballot if 8% of the state's voters sign a petition to put it there.

"The greatest communication innovation of our lifetime must not be denied the people through manipulation by vested interests," cried Weaver, promising to seek redress through the Department of Justice, the FCC and Congress. But meanwhile he was through in California. Last week he shut

down operations and will soon remove the special adapter boxes from subscribers' sets. Californians had apparently decided that they just were not going to risk the chance of having to pay to listen to ads.

Only You, Merle Miller

Everyone in television is talking about Merle Miller, but only because he has been talking about them.

Miller, a reasonably well-known novelist (*A Day in Late September*, *That Winter*), wrote a pilot film for a TV series that would have premiered this fall. He failed miserably, but he has bounced back. He has just published a nonfiction, names-naming chronicle of



AUTHOR MILLER

The no-see-ems were butchered.

his experience called *Only You, Dick Daring!* or *How to Write One Television Script and Make \$50,000,000*.

Miller's series, called *Calhoun*, was to be the story of a county agricultural agent engaged in a week-by-week struggle against boll weevils, nematodes, no-see-ems, and other incorrigibles of the plains. *Calhoun* may have been a dog, but Miller's book is a vivid and often hilarious account of how TV's butcher can change any script into hamburger.

Berbers Wanted. The network was CBS. There, CBS-TV President James T. Aubrey Jr. is the supreme judge. A Miller draws him, he is a kind of prett Torquemada. It was Aubrey who conceived the county agent series one day when he leaned back, closed his eyes and murmured: "I see a man in a dust pickup in the Southwest." Corporal peasants were left to do the rest. To Aubrey is no writer, just a would-be writer, as Miller describes him. Any would-be writers "are like eunuchs in harem. They see the trick done every night and are furious that they can't do it themselves." In the end, after Miller had rewritten Aubrey's story, at least



We couldn't build Comet much tougher | so we built it
more beautiful for '65

Now Comet's got a shining new wrap for all that ruggedness underneath. From grille to taillight, the lines are crisper, sportier, smarter. Comet's livelier, too. Every engine is bigger (none smaller than 200

cu. in.)! And you can go all the way up to a Cyclone Super 289 V-8 (225 hp). If you didn't

get to try the world's durability champion last year, drive the beautiful '65 sequel. This is it.



Mercury **Comet**

the world's 100,000-mile durability champion



1. New drilling hose with the strength of steel outlasts ordinary hose 3 to 1.

"Turbine drilling"—a new method used at this West Coast oil field—proved too punishing for ordinary hoses. The G.T.M. recommended FLEXSTEEL® Rotary Hose reinforced with high tensile steel cable. It's built to take severe flexing and handling abuse; carry abrasive mud at high pressures. And can last for years, even in the roughest service conditions.



2. Conveyor belt puts ore production

Modern 1050-ft. conveyor system in California d... hour... up 17° slope. Faster, more economical t... ing production schedules can be met without an... flowing reliably since 1961. Withstands tension



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We've engineered rubber products to meet 30,000 different specifications. And they all have one thing in common...they help cut costs. Reason? They're engineered to perform better...last longer...replace costlier materials you may now be using.

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of industrial rubber products, has so many ways to lower your costs. Call your local Goodyear distributor. He'll put you in touch with the man who can specify exactly the right product for your needs—the C.T.M. (Goodyear Technical Man). Or write: Goodyear Industrial Products, Akron, Ohio 44316.

the high road"...cuts costs 50%. moves 1200 tons of sodium borate ore an previously used truck haulage. And increase in costs. Goodyear belting has kept ore to 44,000 lbs. Needs little maintenance.

GOODYEAR
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS



There are at least 11 good reasons for insuring your car, home or business through a man like this

Will you get these benefits if you buy insurance directly from some companies?

Because an independent insurance agent represents not one but several insurance companies, he is able to do the following:

1. He selects the right policies for you. Few companies offer all types of insurance. Is a salesman for a single insurance company likely to tell you about policies his company does not offer?

2. He gives you impartial advice. How can a salesman for a single insurance company be impartial?

3. He helps you with the details of your claim when you have a loss. If you buy insurance from a company sales-

man, you will probably never see him again. You will have to deal with an insurance company adjuster—alone.

4. He represents companies noted for their fast, fair payment of claims. An independent agent selects companies which pay claims promptly and fairly.

Other reasons for buying insurance through an independent agent include the following:

5. He gives continuous, personal service.

6. He represents only strong, reliable companies.

7. He is alert to new developments.

8. He knows local conditions.

9. He is professionally trained.

10. He is available day and night.

11. You can get help anywhere from any of his 150,000 associates all across the country. Just look for the Big "I" Seal on his window or door—or in the classified section of the telephone book.

He makes no charge for these services.

The Big Difference in insurance is the continuing, personal attention of an independent insurance agent.



3,000 times, Aubrey killed it forever, saying that he had never liked the idea anyway.

Another butcher was Dick Dorso, who was the Executive Vice President in Charge of Programming at United Artists Television. Dorso considered himself the world's foremost authority on pilot films, according to Miller, and he had a standard lecture about them which begins: "In the first 30 seconds the pilot should go like this. Fifty thousand murderous Berbers are headed toward Cairo, and only you, Dick Daring, can stop them."

Dorso, according to Miller, repeatedly bragged that he had been successfully psychoanalyzed and did not need to be loved. Reacting to a fresh version of Miller's story, Dorso would always say: "I love it. It's just wonderful." Miller learned to listen for the "but." "But," said Dorso, "could I be the devil's advocate for a minute? We've got to be frank with each other at all times, don't we, and I don't have to be loved. . . . What CBS wants is a kind of friendly lynch mob scene."

Beads for Sale. Miller's Jackie Cooper, who was going to play the lead in the series, is a picture of the modern actor as an "incorporated" millionaire, who seeks control of scripts, direction, and other aspects of production quite clearly out of his mental range. Cooper called Miller a great and beautiful writer about 100,000 times—then turned up one day with a new version of the script, written by someone else.

The annals of scynephany include few scenes as good as Miller's re-creation of a meeting at which Cooper recited his new *Calhoun* story line to Michael Dann, CBS Programming Director, and an important group of executives. While Cooper talked, Dann rummaged through desk drawers, passed cigars, unpacked and repacked his briefcase and read memos. "The other executives," reports Miller, "took notes on what Dann was doing and, on occasion, glanced at Cooper." When Cooper had finished, "vice-presidential throats were cleared, vice-presidential feet were shuffled, hitherto ignored vice-presidential itches attended to, vice-presidential coughs coughed." But not a word was said—until Dann finally said that the new version was great. For several minutes the room was a hubbub of cross talk in competitive praise of *Calhoun*. "Dann asked the lesser executives if they had any criticisms or suggestions, but by that time it was clear that we were dealing with a classic of the caliber of *Orhelo*."

Some of Miller's victims—Cooper for one—have said that Miller will never work in TV again. Yet last week ABC announced that Miller, an obvious masochist, is writing a TV play for a new drama series. It obviously will not be drawn from *Dick Daring*, which would make a much better TV series than *Calhoun* ever could have been—and would be even less likely to get produced.



Donald R. Yancey of Yancey Refrigeration
(address on request)

Why Donald Yancey uses a postage meter to mail 3 letters a day—

"I suppose some people might think I'm a nut. But in a small service business like this one, you don't really have an office and it's easy to mislay stamps or lose them. The meter's mighty handy, even for a few letters a day. One thing I particularly like about it—you know your postage goes only on your own mail."

Have you ever seen Pitney-Bowes little, low-cost DM postage meter, made for the small business? Just ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office to show you one.

You no longer have to lick and stick adhesive stamps or seal pre-stamped envelopes. You no longer need a locked stamp box—the meter protects your postage from loss, damage, misuse. The meter does its own accounting, shows postage used and on hand. Mailing is easier, faster, neater.

The DM prints postage as you need it, for any class of mail. Directly on the envelope, or on

special gummed tape for parcel post. And with every meter-stamp you can print your own small ad, if you want one.



The postoffice sets your meter for as much postage as you want to buy.

More than a third of DM users average less than \$1 in postage a day—appreciate the meter for its convenience. Powered models for larger mailers. Call any of 190 Pitney-Bowes offices today. And ask about the new PB Addresser-Printers for machine addressing!

FREE Booklet: "So You Think Metered Mail Is Only For Big Business?" plus handy postal rate chart including new parcel post rates. Or literature on new Addresser-Printers.



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EDUCATION

EDUCATION ABROAD

Survival Through Brainpower

The grass grows wild on Mount Scopus in Arab Jordan. Rain drips through the roofs of empty classrooms. What was built before 1948 as a model campus for Hebrew University is now a forlorn and uninhabited neutral zone within sight of Israeli Jerusalem.

Once a fortnight, by United Nations authorization, a truck enters Mount Scopus, loads books from among the 250,000 that remain in the abandoned library, returns via the Mandelbaum Gate and takes its cargo to a striking new 250-acre campus that crowns the Judean Hills of Israel. There, in buildings made of pink limestone quarried on the site, Hebrew University is in the midst of a flourishing rebirth.

The student body, 870 in 1948, now numbers 10,000. Ground was broken last month for a new school of social work, latest in a series of fast-rising buildings for physics, chemistry, dentistry, law. Nearing completion is a \$10 million medical school complex. The just-finished library houses 2,000,000 books and such treasures as Einstein's handwritten manuscript of the theory of relativity, a 1,600-volume collection of Lincolniana, and the private library of Serge Koussevitzky.

The Nation's Engine. In a land that lacks industrial resources, Hebrew University is the engine of the nation. "Our survival depends on the quality of our brains," says President Eliahu Elath, a noted Orientalist and former Israeli Ambassador to Washington and London. "This university must help preserve that quality or else we are lost."

Students and faculty have a sense of direction that most U.S. colleges would find awesome. Professors publish or perish on the theory, bluntly stated by Humanities Dean Joshua Prawer, that "where there is a choice between a good scholar or a good teacher, we

will always take the scholar." The average freshman is 21 years old and—whether man or woman—an army veteran. Students prefer chess to soccer. The last prank took place a few years ago, when students painted a red and yellow dress on a Henry Moore sculpture. The university has no rules against drinking on campus because no one drinks anything stiffer than orange juice. "Maybe a little alcohol would liven them up," says Acting Dean of Students Esther Reifenberg.

Students at Hebrew University are mostly Israelis solemnly intent on going into government or the professions. But one in every ten is an "oriental" Jew from the Middle East, North Africa or Asia; 200 others are Arabs living in Israel, some of them fervently pro-Nasser. The largest foreign contingent is 250 students from the U.S., and 100 others come from black African nations. Students are supposed to read English, but most teaching is in Hebrew. Recently an Israeli was surprised to see two Africans conversing in Hebrew, but the explanation was logical. "He's from French-speaking Cameroon and I'm from Liberia," said one of the pair. "Hebrew is our common language."

International Flavor. Hebrew University takes its standards from a long, international tradition of scholarship. Among its founders 40 years ago were Philosopher Martin Buber and Chemist Chaim Weizmann, Israel's first President. Sigmund Freud and U.S. Supreme Court Justice Benjamin Cardozo served on the board of governors. Working at the school now are such scholars as

German-born Gynecologist Bernhard Zondek, co-discoverer of the A-Z test for pregnancy; Yigael Yadin, Dead Sea Scrolls expert and former chief of staff of the Israeli Army; and Monetary Theorist Don Patinkin, one of the Americans who comprise 10% of the university's full professors.

The university has other links to the U.S. Washington pours money into it, in the form of research contracts, on a scale that many a U.S. school could envy. The projects, worth \$2,000,000 this year, include research in botany for the U.S. Agriculture Department, solid state physics for the Defense Department, radiation for the Atomic Energy Commission, and improvement of lie detector tests for the U.S. Air Force. U.S. Jewry also contributes heavily to the university; though the Israeli government supplies 60% of the school's operating budget of \$11 million, most of the balance, as well as the major chunk of its \$53 million construction drive, has been collected in the U.S.

SCHOLARSHIPS

With Strings

According to Yale legend, a scholarship to that school awaits any son of an Indian maharajah who cannot afford his own elephant to carry him about the campus. Eccentrically conditioned scholarships, though deplored by colleges, open some novel opportunities at this time of year, when the only thing harder than getting into college is getting into college cost paid. Even at schools such as Harvard, where liberal-minded donors have piled up a sizable dollar pool that any needy student can dip into, restricted funds are still ac-

—DAVID GOODMAN



PRESIDENT ELATH



HEBREW UNIVERSITY CAMPUS



STUDENTS OUTSIDE AUDITORIUM

Among students and faculty, an awesome sense of direction.



Special gift wrap for Antonio y Cleopatra

If you're giving Antonio y Cleopatra cigars this year (which is a marvelous idea) and you don't want the boxes opened until the holidays, better add this *special* do-not-open gift wrap.

You see, few men can resist AyC's unusually good flavor. Flavor so rare, some smokers say their cigar never lasts long enough.

In the last few years, sales of Antonio y Cleopatra have increased by many millions of cigars. Men everywhere are discovering and enjoying AyC's unique new blend—fine leaf imported from the West Indies and Latin America, plus choice domestic tobaccos.

So considering the clamor for AyC, be sure to add this special do-not-open gift wrap. (Chain and lock available at your friendly hardware store.) It may not be too decorative but at least it's practical.



ANTONIO Y CLEOPATRA
THE CIGAR THAT NEVER LASTS LONG ENOUGH

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**Allied has
moved more
people twice
than any other
van line**



"Better Than Money"
wherever you go
**First National City
Travelers Checks**
On Sale at your Bank

**YOUR CHRISTMAS
GREETINGS AND
PACKAGES WILL GET
THERE FASTER... IF
YOU TAKE A TIP FROM
MR. ZIP...
SHOP AND MAIL
EARLY...**

**USE ZIP CODE NUMBERS
IN ALL ADDRESSES**

"Better Than Money"
wherever you go
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Travelers Checks**
On Sale at your Bank



FRANKLIN SQUARE
Anybody there named Smith.



C.B. & Q.'S PUSEY

cepted and awarded on the theory that they release unrestricted money.

Harvard President Nathan Pusey's undergraduate days in Cambridge were enriched by a restricted scholarship. As a transplanted native of Council Bluffs, Iowa, he was eligible for aid offered by Charles Perkins, president of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, whose trust fund gave preference to youths "who come from the territory in Iowa served by the C.B. & Q. Railroad." Princeton engineering students from states served by the St. Louis-San Francisco Railway Co. can apply for a special scholarship. At N.Y.U., would-be teachers tap funds given by Mrs. Finley J. Shepard,* daughter of Railroad Magnate Jay Gould, if they happen to live along railroads Gould controlled.

A Switch of Ground Rules. Cornell's Charles Green fund is reserved for students who either attended the Schuylerville Union Free Academy or lived at the Masonic Home in Utica. A Bucknell grant, new this year, provides full aid for students who graduated from Mount Carmel (Pa.) High School, lived in the town (pop. 10,760) for at least ten years before applying for help, are not habitual users of tobacco, narcotics or alcohol, and have never taken part in "strenuous athletic contests." Bucknell found four qualified applicants. Wayne State University, on the other hand, rejected a scholarship restricted to a student "who does not smoke, drink, gamble, go to church or otherwise endanger his health."

Whose many other philanthropies included wounded veterans at the Spanish-American War, the Red Cross, and Master Swindler Gaston Bullock Means, to whom she reportedly paid at least \$100,000 in 1932 for the source of threatening letters sent to her and signed "Agents of Moscow." Means was never tried for defrauding Mrs. Shepard, he had already been indicted for cheating Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, owner of the Hope Diamond, at \$104,800 for promising to return the kidnapped Lindbergh baby. He was sentenced to 15 years in prison, died after six

Some colleges ignore the letter of the law for the sake of the spirit. U.C.L.A. for several years interpreted "handicapped" students supported by the Will Rogers Fund to mean financially handicapped. Other colleges plead with donors or their heirs to liberalize the ground rules, and often win. Adelphi University on Long Island accepted a scholarship reserved for applicants named Smith from nearby Franklin Square, which proved to be short of smart Smiths. Finally the dean of students successfully appealed to the donor to limit his restriction to qualified residents of Franklin Square, and a bright lad named Montgomery won the scholarship.

California's Occidental College received an endowment intended for widows from Orange County who promised not to join any "organization with a selective membership"—meaning a sorority. After three years of looking, the school broke the condition in court. Amherst appealed to the New Jersey Supreme Court and finally won the right to \$200,000 that had been reserved for "Protestant Gentile" boys who did not drink or smoke.

No Encore for Pianists. The first appeal to a court was taken by venerable Harvard—and over its first scholarship gift. In 1643, Lady Ann Mowelson, the former Ann Radcliffe and the college's namesake, gave Harvard £100 to maintain a poor scholar. Harvard took the money, but twelve years later decided to spend it instead on buildings. The court blocked the move; Harvard has not contested a grant since.

Calvin L. Crawford, financial director of Long Island University, says hopefully that the day of "giving scholarships for redheaded piano players of Scottish descent from Oshkosh is largely over." Colleges may eventually refuse all conditional gifts and break all restrictions. Until then, any students who fit the terms of a scholarship with a string attached might just as well pull the string.



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One way to make a good system better is to automate it. That's just about what the controls engineers of American-Standard have done for hydronic air conditioning. They've designed an automatic valve, the Selectaflo[™], that almost thinks for itself. In fall, when hot water is supplied, the Selectaflo on each individual room unit automatically adjusts from cooling to heating. In the spring, it changes each unit back again. No longer is it necessary to trudge from room to room adjusting each unit by hand. Another example of the pioneering that makes American-Standard a world leader in heating and cooling.



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PETROLEUM HAS



Oil Refinery photo by Charles Van Maanen

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Now you see it—



Now you don't!

This is the bottle to look for...but you'll have to look hard to see the vermouth in your glass. This new Noilly Prat French Vermouth is very, very pale—virtually invisible in gin or vodka. But you will notice the difference it makes in the smoothness of your cocktail. Try it, next martini.

DON'T STIR WITHOUT NOILLY PRAT

SCIENCE

SPACE

Mariner Goes Wrong

The U.S. attempt to explore Mars got off to a poor start last week. The Mariner C spacecraft, launched at Cape Kennedy, did not jettison its 300-lb. wind-shroud, and the extra weight kept it from attaining the 25,600 m.p.h. speed necessary to reach the red planet. Blocked by the shroud, the spacecraft's solar panels did not open; they could not recharge the spacecraft's batteries, which soon went dead.

But failures are to be expected in so difficult a venture. A second spacecraft, Mariner D, is ready to go, and will be fired before the "window" (the favorable time when Mars is in an accessible position) closes on Nov. 30. If Mariner D fails too, Mars and its secrets will be safe for a while. Another window will not open until December 1966.

DEMOGRAPHY

The Heat Limit

Are the earth's cities getting too crowded, spreading their swarming fringes over the suburban countryside? Are highways too jammed, streams too polluted? Is the world's population explosion threatening to smother India and China under a near-solid mass of humanity? Pessimists who are wrought up about such present-day conditions, says British Physicist John H. Fremlin, have seen nothing yet. Fremlin has sturdy faith that man's ingenuity will be equal to his ever-growing need for food. But this is just the trouble. Eventually, he says, the earth will be so packed with human bodies that the heat they give off will put a final limit on their increase.

The earth's present population, says Fremlin in the *New Scientist*, is about 3 billion, and is now doubling every 37 years. For the next 260 years, this increase can be taken care of by exterminating land wildlife, by intensive use of all crop space, by elimination of meat eating, and by the efficient harvesting of sea food. If marine wildlife is replaced by photosynthetic plankton, the earth's population can keep feeding itself while doubling three more times, until it reaches about 3,000 billion in A.D. 2334. Five times as many people can be taken care of by putting up vast satellite mirrors to reflect sunlight onto the polar areas, warming the whole earth to equatorial productiveness.

For still more population increases, says Dr. Fremlin, food can be synthesized out of energy, mineral matter and waste products. Human cadavers can be homogenized for use as food, and the earth's population can rise to one million billion, with two people living on each square meter of ground.

But then a serious problem will develop. The earth will be so thickly cov-

ered with layers of people and machinery that it will generate enormous heat. Some 60 million billion people, living 120 to the square meter in air-conditioned 2,000-story buildings, will keep the earth's skin glowing orange-red.

This ultimate limit will be reached in less than 1,000 years, says Dr. Fremlin, whose tongue is only halfway in his cheek. He sees no obstacle to man's attainment of a dreadful level of existence where even his movements will be rationed because motion generates heat. "We are free to choose," he says, "at what population density we want to call a halt, somewhere between the .000,006 people per square meter of the present and the 120 per square meter of the heat limit. If we do not choose, we shall eventually reach that limit."

GENETICS

Original Sex

Bacteria normally multiply by sexless fission—they simply split in two. Still, scientists believe that some kinds of bacteria occasionally manage a kind of sexual mating. It is almost impossible to catch them in the act, though, because they have no special sex organs, and often when they cling together it is not for love. But at least one kind of microscopic bug has a sex life with a difference. Professors Pavel Nemec and Vojtech Bystrický of the Slovak Polytechnical University in Bratislava report that the *Caulobacter*, a harmless bacterium found in soil, possesses a multi-purpose organ that it often uses for a primitive kind of conjugation.

A *caulobacter*, say Drs. Nemec and Bystrický, is a sausagelike object with a long stalk protruding from one end. Sometimes a *caulobacter* attaches the end of its stalk to the body wall of a bacterium of another species and feeds by sucking out the victim's protoplasm. But often two *caulobacters* put the ends of their stalks together and cling for a long time while spherical grains in their stalk tips gradually fuse together.

Nemec and Bystrický believe that when two *caulobacters* cling together in this manner they are, in effect, mating—exchanging genetic material through their stalks. If the conjugating *caulobacters* belong to strains with different hereditary endowment, both may be improved by the swap. This is the great advantage of sexuality for any form of life; it permits faster evolution.

ASTRONOMY

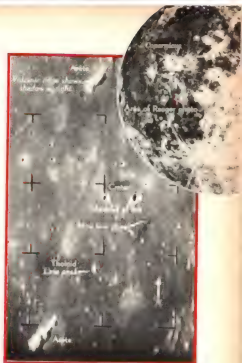
Lunar Lava Flow

Ever since Ranger 7 shot its closeups of the moon, scientists have been studying the pictures in minute detail. They contain the most detailed information man has ever collected about his planet's nearest neighbor. And they are already shattering some long-held the-

ories. Ranger's lunar snapshots, says Dr. John A. O'Keefe of Goddard Space Flight Center, prove that the moon has not been a dead cinder ball for billions of years, as many astronomers believe. In fairly recent times, it seems to have stirred with volcanic activity.

The best Ranger photographs, explained O'Keefe in the magazine *Science*, show a region covered by broad, light-colored streaks radiating from the craters Copernicus and Tycho. These rays are believed to be dust and fragments tossed out by the meteor impacts that blasted the two craters, and since they lie on top of most other lunar features, they are listed among the youngest parts of the moon's surface. But O'Keefe also found a conspicuous black mark showing starkly against the lighter background of one of Tycho's rays. The ray had not dusted the mark with light-colored material—circumstantial evidence that suggests the mark must be more recent than the recent meteor impact that formed Tycho's crater. Dr. O'Keefe noticed, too, that the mark is in line with a set of ridges called arêtes (sharp mountain ridges), and a fainter set of markings called wrinkles. Since these are all reasonably parallel, they cannot come from random meteor impacts but are probably of internal origin like the parallel ridges of many earthly mountains.

Dr. O'Keefe has concluded that the arêtes are volcanic, are probably made of stiff lava forced out of parallel cracks in the moon's crust. Some of them may have erupted during the moon's youth. Much more recently—100 million years ago or less—one of the cracks may have opened again and oozed lava to form a cluster of low black mounds on a plain that was already thickly peppered with debris from young Tycho.



THE LAW

LAWYERS

Labor's Lord High Chancellor

Sweating uncomfortably under the incongruous TV lights, Britain's nobly dressed bishops, judges, peers and politicians jammed the House of Lords last week as Queen Elizabeth arrived in a glass coach and took her seat on a gilded throne. Up strode a graceful man in a wig, damask robe and black velvet breeches. Kneeling, he handed the monarch her speech. Kneeling, he took it back after Elizabeth had read it—thus opening Parliament with a ritual that has scarcely changed at all since the first Elizabeth performed it 400 years ago.

His task done, Gerald Austin Gardi-

ner has a new Lord Chancellor been so acclaimed. Gardiner is "probably the only left-wing lawyer unreservedly admired by a right-wing bar," says the London Sunday Times. The nonpolitical English Law Society predicts that "he will make the form of the law a living thing in the lives of the people."

Lord Chancellor Gardiner has a job centuries older than the Prime Minister's, a title once held by two English saints (Becket, More) and Francis Bacon, a \$34,000 salary that is tops in the British government, and the unique power to simultaneously help make, execute and interpret the laws of Britain. As the government's chief legal adviser, Gardiner is a top-level Cabinet

Avid to be an actor, Gardiner turned to law only when his father threatened to cut him off without a farthing. Though it took him three years before his profession earned him three guineas of profit, he was a noted junior barrister well before World War II, during which he served as an ambulance driver. In 1948, he "took silk" as a prestigious Queen's (then King's) Counsel. Known for hot preparation and cool pleading, Gardiner was soon earning \$84,000 a year in famous libel cases involving litigants as diverse as Liberace and Winston Churchill. In 1960 Gardiner won a slander suit (for Randolph Churchill called "coward" by a Tory M.P.), and defeated an obscenity charge against the publishers of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. In 1961 Gardiner successfully prosecuted Communists who captured the Electrical Trades Union by rigging an election—thus cleaning up the biggest labor fraud in British history.

Had he not been a passionate opponent of capital punishment, let alone a Socialist, Gardiner would have been appointed a judge long ago. Now he can be all three. Besides pressing to end the death penalty, Gardiner is expected to lobby for tighter corporation laws, broader legal aid, improved legal education and anti-discrimination laws aimed at Britain's growing racial problems. Gardiner personally favors liberalized abortion laws and the legalization of homosexual acts between consenting adults, but he recognizes that decision on such issues belongs to Commons. Gardiner's top priority is a permanent government commission "to survey the whole field of English law and gradually try to bring it up to date," notably in relation to science and technology. If his commission fulfills his dream, the Lord Chancellor can take credit for a legal miracle.



IN UNIFORM



IN MUFT

"What system of law is this?"

ner, 64, the Labor Government's Lord High Chancellor, returned to the 20th century and a tough legal challenge: a complete reformation of outdated British law.

Infants & Idiots. With its costumed ceremony and appointed judges, its strict division between solicitors who do office business and barristers who try cases, British law combines a reputation for incorruptible justice and maddening resistance to change. As one archaic result, British laws, which have no written constitution behind them, are now so entangled in 43 volumes of parliamentary acts going back to 1235 that finding the law on a single point may require a look at 60 different acts; 99 volumes of legislative orders and 350,000 reported cases. "What sort of system of law is this?" asks London Barrister Gardiner. "English law is in a state in which it cannot be allowed to remain."

In giving him power to prune the legal thicket, the Labor Government has chosen a barrister who is said to know more about common law than

officer. As head of the legal profession, he appoints judges and Queen's Counsel (senior barristers). As Speaker of the House of Lords, he perches on the symbolic Woollack, also presides when the Law Lords (selected lawyer members) act as Britain's final court of appeal. Besides all that, he is guardian of all British infants, idiots and lunatics.

Blue-Blood Socialist. The tall, brilliant son of a British shipping tycoon and a German baroness, Gerald Gardiner seemed destined to be a Tory rather than a Laborite. He grew up on a vast Kent estate, went through Harrow, the Coldstream Guards and Oxford's Magdalen College. So elegant that he used only French toothpaste, he inspired Oxonians to form the "Society for Ruining Gerald Gardiner's Hair," won glowing tributes as an amateur actor, and debated his way into the presidency of the Oxford Union. Oxonian Evelyn Waugh later wrote that "he had then the same elegance of appearance and cold precision of phrase and enunciation that have impressed themselves on so many juries."

Face on the Courtroom Floor

Striding into an Anchorage bank last summer, an Alaskan state trooper pulled out his pistol and seized \$6,000. The money belonged to the local bar association, and the trooper was there on orders of the Alaska Supreme Court, which has stirred up a raging feud by its effort to put Alaska's 211 lawyers under the court's tight control. So determined is the court that it has even tried to disband the state bar association.

Alaska's bar is now suing Alaska's bench in a three-judge federal court, and is bitterly assailing such new rules as a \$600 bond requirement for anyone seeking jury trial in a civil case. Last week, with their suit still in the process of litigation, the lawyers scored an out-of-court triumph—they engineered the defeat of the one Supreme Court justice who had the bad luck to be up for election this year.

Mild-mannered Justice Harry O. Arend, 61, a veteran of 30 years in Alaskan law, had no opponent on the ballot; all he needed was a simple ma-



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majority of the total vote to win a ten-year term. Instead, both Republican and Democratic lawyers blasted Arend across the state, decried the court's jury bond rule, its 3 1/2 share in child-support payments and its upholding of the recent conviction of two Seward schoolteachers for the "immoral conduct" of trying to oust the school board and superintendent. The lawyers not only captivated schoolteachers, but they won over enough other Alaskan voters to kick Justice Arend off the bench. Now the Governor will have to appoint a new judge. Meanwhile, the bar has only two opponents on the bench to go.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW

The Difficulties of Getting Desterilized

Is sterilization a legal alternative to jail? Can a court require such an operation for a man convicted of nonsupport of his children? And if the man is coerced into submitting to the operation against his will, what if he later wants more children?

Such are the questions facing the California Supreme Court in the case of Miguel Vega Andrade, 44, a Mexican-American whose troubles began when he injured his back, lost his job, and was separated from his wife, Andrade regularly paid \$120 out of his \$200-a-month medical compensation to help support his four minor children. After two years, Andrade's compensation ceased. Since then, he has been basically supported by his common-law wife, Elma Martello, by whom he has a three-year-old daughter.

Aiding Taxpayers. Shortly before divorcing him last fall, Andrade's first wife charged him with nonsupport. He pleaded guilty, and the county recommended probation. But Pasadena Municipal Court Judge Joseph A. Sprinkle took a firmer view: "I am concerned about all the children this man is producing without the ability to support them." He gave Andrade a choice:

marriage to Elma Martello and sterilization by vasectomy—or jail.

Andrade reluctantly chose, sterile marriage. He got a job washing dishes and resumed payments to his ex-wife. Now he wants more children by his new wife, and he seeks to have the vasectomy undone—a feat successful in only about 50% of such cases. No one is more surprised than Judge Sprinkle, who says he has "counseled" vasectomy in several hundred nonsupport cases. Andrade, who is the first to have complained, has roused a legal fuss without precedent in California.

Constitutional Caution. Until recently, eugenic sterilization of misfits was accepted as a social benefit that did not violate the Constitution's ban on cruel and unusual punishment. Speaking for the Supreme Court in the 1927 case of *Buck v. Bell*, Mr. Justice Holmes upheld Virginia's sterilization of mental defectives with the classic statement, "Three generations of imbeciles are enough." But scientists now consider many human defects to be as much a product of environment as of heredity. Compulsory sterilization of so-called congenital misfits is thus legally as well as medically debatable. Although 26 states permit such sterilization, they are so cautious in carrying it out that last year's U.S. total was only 467.

Andrade's lawyer, Phill Silver, has petitioned the California Supreme Court for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that California law permits only county superior courts to order sterilization, and only for two classes of persons—rapists of young children and state-confined sex degenerates. To Lawyer Silver, at least, a California municipal court judge has no right whatever to place fathers unable to support young children in the same category. Procedure that seemed perfectly proper to Justice Holmes in the '20s, Silver argues, is cruel and unusual punishment in the '60s.

Profane Comedy

In an age of almost complete frankness in plays, novels and movies, the question of where language becomes illegal obscenity continues to plague the courts. Gropping for an answer, Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black argues that any ban on obscenity threatens free speech. Unwilling to go that far, his brethren have vaguely drawn the line at that which offends "contemporary community standards" and appeals mainly to "prurient interest."

Last week a three-judge Manhattan criminal court applied that test to Comedian Lenny Bruce, a nightclub social satirist who deliberately dips his wit in scatology. A two-judge majority found Bruce guilty of using words "pa-

A relatively simple operation in which a piece is cut out of the *vas deferens*, the duct through which male spermatozoa flow from the testes. It causes no change in the physiology of the sex act, merely ensuring that there is no sperm in the male ejaculation.



COMEDIAN BRUCE
An insult to sex.

tently offensive to the average person.

The judges broadened their definition by remarking that Bruce's language "clearly debased sex and insulted it." This very un-Victorian and quite contemporary observation points up the fact that much sexual humor in today's novels and plays is based on homo sexuality, perversion and nonconsummation. In his nightclub act, Bruce used unscrubbed words that are common gutter patois for incest, sodomy and excrement. His words would hardly shock Army veterans, let alone Chance readers. But the two-judge majority found him guilty under a New York State law which forbids any "obscene, indecent, immoral or impure" public performances.

The dissenting judge argued that "total absence of any guideposts" hampered the community-standards test of "judicial subjectivity"; that it forced judges to exercise the powers of "super-legislators, or indeed, of absolute monarchs." He suggested that the New York obscenity law is unconstitutional and grandly advised that the whole question of defining obscenity should be left to "a federal constitutional convention." Meanwhile, unless a higher court reverses his conviction, Bruce faces three years in jail.

In a U.S. appellate court in Philadelphia last week, other judges heard their say about obscenity as they upheld a five-year federal rap and \$42,000 fine against Ralph Ginsburg, publisher of the leering (now defunct) quarterly *Eros*, whom a lower court had convicted on 28 counts of mailing obscenity. *Eros*, ruled the appellate court, was "an operation on the part of experts in the shoddy business of pandering to and exploiting for money, one of the great weaknesses of human beings."



PETITIONER ANDRADE & SECOND FAMILY
A plea for fatherhood.



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The topological redhead

Few people get far enough into mathematics to enjoy it. In its advanced forms, there is great beauty, philosophical speculation, playfulness, even wit.

One of the most arcane and fascinating branches of math is topology—the study of the transformation of surfaces. The boy's head at left illustrates one of topology's basic theorems: a sphere cannot be covered with radiating lines (or red hair) without at least one fixed point.

Mathematics is the subject of the first volume of the new LIFE Science Library. The topological redhead is one of its illustrations. The volume doesn't teach you how to use calculus or analytical geometry, but it depicts the uses, history and pleasures of mathematics from primitive man to Einstein's Unified Field theory.

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"WAR AND PEACE" AT LA SCALA

From Red Russia, kindly aristocrats and a changed name.

OPERA

Bolshoi in Milan

When Milan's La Scala Opera invaded Moscow en masse two months ago, it brought along a boxcarload of spaghetti and enough red wine to float the Russian navy. Last week, as part of a home-and-home series, Moscow's Bolshoi Opera was in Milan. It was the Bolshoi's first excursion outside Russia in its 189-year history, and the company came 450 strong, with 40 wagonloads of scenery and costumes. But, as one Moscowite explained, "we didn't bring any special food. We don't need it. We are drunk with joy to be in the country of *bel canto*." The Italians were equally enraptured, awarded each of the Bolshoi's first ten performances a minimum of 30 curtain calls.

Caught Up. In Tchaikovsky's *The Queen of Spades*, a sumptuously staged and dramatically taut production that east La Scala's badly mangled version into lasting shade, the dark, ringing voice of Georgian Tenor Zurab Angia-paridze dazzled the critical Italians.

But the opera La Scala audiences most anticipated was Prokofiev's rarely seen *War and Peace*, a musical epic in thirteen scenes, which even in its condensed version ran for nearly five hours. The music, brilliantly conducted by 33-year-old Gennadiy Rozdostvenski and sung by no fewer than 54 soloists, was Prokofiev at his melodic best. The spectacle crackled with the sights and sounds of war—roaring cannons, flapping battle flags, and rank upon rank of charging soldiers. The Italians were so caught up in the drama that they burst into cheers at the entrance of the victorious Russian General Kutuzov.

Oddly enough, the only critical snip-

ing came from the local Communists. "All the Bolshoi operas are full of pre-revolutionary aristocrats, most of whom are depicted as good men and friends of the people," said one comrade. And the Communist daily *L'Unità* spotted a change in Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov*. One of the aristocrats, who is beaten up by an angry mob of peasants in the fourth act, is a character called Khru-shehev. In the program, however, the minor tenor role was listed simply as "A Boyar [nobleman] of Krony." Taunted *L'Unità*: "They had to do some last-minute updating."

SINGERS

The Bear of Montparnasse

He looks like a big shaggy beast that has been out in the rain. Rumbled suit, tangled hair, drooping moustache, he lumbers onto the stage and stares in shy bewilderment at the audience. Rivulets of sweat stream down his face. He hikes one stumpy leg onto a straight-back chair, lazily scratches his guitar and sings. The voice is honest, pleasant, but nothing special. Yet when Georges Brassens sings, all Paris cocks an ear.

Laughless Days. Brassens, 43, known around Montparnasse as the "Bear," comes out of seclusion to sing only three months out of the year. Last week he was holding forth before jam-packed audiences at Paris' Bobino Theater. He sang of the brutalities of war, the vagaries of love, the folly of politics, and the hardships of being a gravedigger ("Farewell, poor dead one: if from the bottom of the hole one sees God, tell him how much pain that last shovelful cost me"), or a streetwalker:

Even though those damned bourgeois call them girls of pleasure,

MUSIC

It's not every day that they laugh, golly, golly.

It's not every day that they laugh.

In *Brave Margot*, he told of a simple shepherdess who breast-feeds a motherless kitten, a spectacle that attracts all the menfolk in the village. His signature song is *The Bad Reputation*, which he cites as his personal credo:

In the village, without bragging, I have a bad reputation . . .

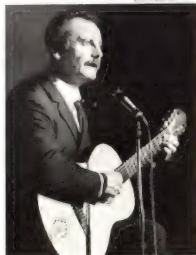
I do not harm anybody, going along my own simple way.

But the good people don't like to see One follow another road than theirs. Everyone slanders me, save the mutes, of course.

New Form. Everyone from taxi drivers to statesmen quotes his whimsical, rustic verses, many of which are too raucy to be aired over the radio. He has sold nearly 1,000,000 record albums, as well as 50,000 copies of a \$30 collection of his songs. For his opening at the Bobino, he received 10,072 letters of congratulation from his adoring fans.

Nervous, introverted, Brassens does not savor the notoriety. Son of a Flemish bricklayer, he was raised in the Mediterranean village of Sète. He quit school before graduating and, at 18, worked at odd jobs, wrote poetry and hummed around the cafes. In 1952, friends took him to a tiny club run by Patachou, Paris' famed *chanteuse*, and goaded him into singing. One week later he was the sensation of Paris.

A bachelor, Brassens lives on a dead-end alley in Montparnasse with an aged couple, who befriended him in his lean years, and a menagerie of pets. Two members of the French Academy, Novelist Joseph Kessel and Film Maker Marcel Pagnol, have been promoting the initiation of Brassens into the august Academy as "one of the greatest contemporary poets, a modern troubadour who represents a new literary form."



PARIS' BRASSENS
A bad reputation.

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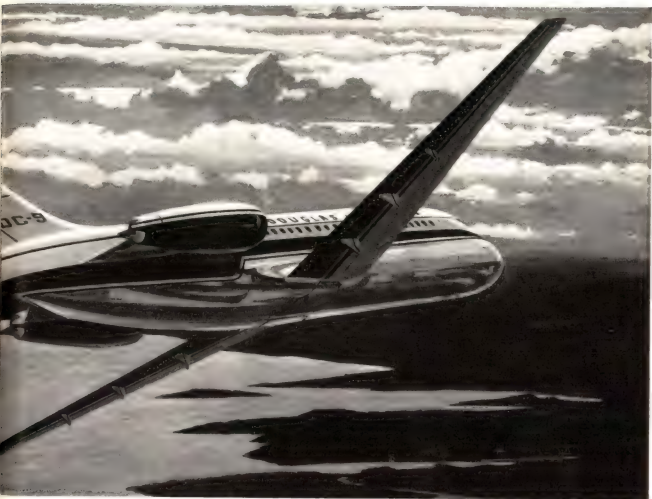
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PAINTING

The Distant Witness

Pierre Bonnard called himself "the last impressionist," but in the throes of creation he was more like the first action painter. He would tack a huge canvas on a wall and, striding back and forth, begin jabbing spots of paint in a dozen places. After days of vigorous work, a nude emerged here, a still life there. Then he cut the paintings apart, stretched them into tambourines of jingling color.

Whether or not Bonnard was behind or before his time, his retrospective

than a blatant arrangement of lines and colors. That was art; the other was slavish copying. Bonnard became "the very Japanese Nabi" for his fascination with oriental asymmetry, ascending perspective and sinuous contours.

Anatomical Outflow. For a while, Bonnard was a *flâneur* and sketcher of Paris street life. Lithography, with its kinship to line drawing and its inherent limits of only a few undifferentiated colors, was Bonnard's proving ground. He embellished sheet music and illustrated the writings of Verlaine, Octave Mirbeau and André Gide. The flat stone's print only confirmed him as an



SELF-PORTRAIT (1938)



BONNARD

An ingenious supplicant to a god of light.

show at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art,* with 83 oils and 87 other works, establishes him as the distant witness of current art.

French Milquetoast. Bonnard was headed halfheartedly for the law when, in 1890, he made a 100-franc sale of a lithograph poster for a champagne merchant. Flat, clearly influenced by the vogue for Japanese prints, it showed a giddy damsel in bubbly billows. Its appearance on the kiosks of Paris caused Toulouse-Lautrec to seek Bonnard out; it was not until a year later that the sawed-off chronicler of Montmartre made his own first poster. The sale also persuaded Bonnard's father, a war ministry bureaucrat, to let his son pursue art as a career.

A thin slice of French Milquetoast in appearance, Bonnard fell into the celebrated company of Vuillard, Vallotton and Maillol. Gauguin was chief prophet, telling them to express what they saw in colors straight from the tube. If a shadow had a bluish look, said he, the painter should use pure ultramarine. A group called the Nabis, or prophets, gathered and asserted that the imitation of three dimensions was less vital

outlaw toward perspective, modeling and rigorous anatomy.

Then a yellow, 10-h.p. Renault opened Bonnard to rural beauty. He would motor through the countryside, stopping frequently to sketch. He fled Paris for Mediterranean country villas. Yet in the end he found his true subject matter indoors. It was the domestic moment that caught his eye. Lazy, hazy days of summer—when the sun caressed the contours of a kitchen table, or of his basket hounds, or of his wife—provided Bonnard's book of hours. Critics called his work intimist. Unlike any artist since the 18th century's Chardin, he made home life into a universe.

Model Wife. Bonnard's indoor art thrived on women. He loved them in awkward, innocent postures, when they let down their shields of glamor. Women for Bonnard were his wife, Marthe de Mélyng, a cute *midlinette* he met when he was 28. When they were married 30 years later, he found out that she was not aristocratic, only plain Maria Boursin, but his love never left him.

It was she that he painted oftenest (see following pages). Her presence borrowed color from the walls of her bath. While fauvism, cubism, even dadaism and surrealism bypassed Bonnard, he kept his eye on nature and his wife's place in it. To many, through the 1930s

and 1940s, Bonnard was old-fashioned, a man preoccupied with outer nature rather than inner psychology. His art seemed wishy-washy, facile, banal in its apparent sentimentality.

Spectral Tapestries. But Bonnard was not concerned with psychology. "We can abstract beauty out of everything," he said. "A painting is a series of spots that are joined together and ultimately form the object over which the eye wanders without obstruction." Bonnard's spectral tapestries are a surface abstraction that invite the eye to play tourist. His imagery is so pleasing that few see the tricks of color and form that wrench the paintings away from realism into perceptual dreams.

"God is light," said Bonnard, and he was an ingenious supplicant. In the checkerboard tiles that pattern his work, the color changes to harmonize with nearby colors. Nude flesh becomes a chameleon mirror for interior hues; a bathtub becomes an irregular cocoon for the human form. Bonnard's pictures are made of optical bewilderment and caprices of color.

Bonnard's wife died in 1942; he lived on until 1947, painting in his austere south-of-France villa. When he died at the age of 79, few came to honor the master of color more than nature herself. For his funeral, a rare snowstorm shrouded the spectrum that he had honored so well.

SCULPTURE

Plaster Cornucopia

If an artist is judged by the company his work keeps, Peter Agostini is a pop sculptor. At the current sculpture exhibition in Manhattan's Jewish Museum, Agostini's plaster popovers are on show across from George Segal's plaster mummies. All summer long, some of his clustered plaster balloons hung, like monster grapes for a superbacchanalia outside the New York State Pavilion at the World's Fair next to Robert Indiana's *EXIT* sign, Roy Lichtenstein's cartoon, and Jim Rosenquist's billboard.

But neither by temperament, background nor age does Agostini count himself among pop artists. At 51, he can remember working for the WP2 and showing on Manhattan's 101st Street when it was still the center of the avant-garde. Brought up as a poor Hell's Kitchen kid, he recalls selling his early drawings to the sisters at parochial school when he was eleven. His later friends were abstract expressionists of a generation older than pop: Kline, De Kooning and Marca-Relli.

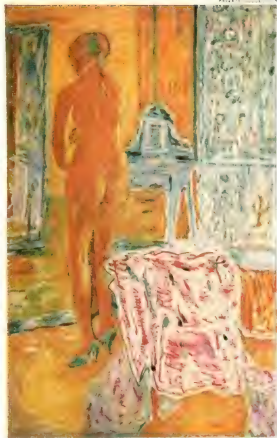
Pepperonis & Provolfones. In his 30 and 40s Agostini began making commercial sculpture. He made plastic mannequins for a fashionable Manhattan women's store. This led him to sculpt pseudo-delicately for the U.S. Army Quartermaster Corps. He molded polyester salamis, pepperoni and meat loaves—stuff that by son pop values would be worth bundles, but

* The show travels to the Art Institute of Chicago for January and February, and to the Los Angeles County Museum for April and May.

SUNSET NUDES BY THE LAST IMPRESSIONIST



PIERRE BONNARD held that "a woman's charm can reveal many things to an artist about his art," but concentrated on sensuous arrays of color in which the model—in this case a 1932 view of Wife Marthe—seems incidental.



SUNLIGHT bounces joyously off boudoir walls, enfolding Bonnard's *Nude in Yellow*, finished around 1940.



CHECKERBOARD of color harmonies makes a shimmering background for softer nude kneeling on chair.

BATHER, floating in a rich compote of magentas and ultramarines, highlights Bonnard's

evolution from impressionism to the daring, abstract style that he developed in his seventies.



BY A.W.G. CHARLES JAGG



AGOSTINI & "MEAT RAKE"
Explosion in a delicatessen.

were then used only to teach recruits how to select cuts of meat. He was dead-broke when the Galerie Grimaud gave him a show in 1959. Says Agostini: "Before that, I couldn't sell one of my drawings for 5¢."

Agostini rarely had the money to cast his work in bronze. He began using quick-setting plaster, which turns rock-hard in several minutes, forcing a kind of action sculpting on him. He takes casts from crumpled aluminum, beer cans and old rubber gloves, and transforms them into snow-white simulacra of what they once were. He may, for example, pour a mold around a rubber inner tube shaped by tying strings around it. Into the negative mold—washed inside with soapy water as a separator—he pours more plaster, sometimes strengthened with burlap, then cracks off the outer shell.

His fourth one-man show opened last week at Manhattan's Stephen Radich Gallery, and the main attraction is *Carousel*, a 9-ft.-diameter abstraction of circling horses and umbrellas, with a music box in the middle. *Harlequin* is a conglomeration of bursting forms that look like eggs, gourds and provolone cheeses. *Meat Rake* is a curious device which implies ground beef bulging through a shredder.

Skin, Not Mystery. "I don't reject the figure. I have just found the extension of it. Feel this," Agostini says, as he pats a plaster polyp. "It's like skin, ready to burst. I'm fascinated with the idea of explosion." Agostini arrests motion, or the swelling curve, in his plaster so that everything is surface tension. His work—and his conversation—effervesces like ghost champagne. Says he: "In the next five years, I want to knock out 10,000 drawings and 5,000 pieces of sculpture. I am not involved in mystery. I have no patience with that."



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PRESBYTERIANS

Dr. Wednesday

One way to make a Sunday sermon attractive is to deliver it on Wednesday. In big cities, midday in midweek finds thousands of office workers hungrily in the spirit as much as in the body. The foremost respondent to this need is St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church in downtown Sydney, Australia, filled every Wednesday noon to its 1,000-seat capacity, while an overflow crowd of 300 or more watches from an adjoining hall on closed-circuit television. All have come to hear the "Wednesday tonics" of the Rev. Gordon Powell, 53.

Take a Deep Breath. Powell started preaching Wednesdays in St. Stephen's twelve years ago, at the suggestion of a secretary from a nearby government office. Within a year, attendance at the yellowing sandstone church more than trebled, while collection-plate revenue soared from \$6,750 a year to \$2,250 a week. The services are also broadcast on 21 radio stations, reaching hundreds of thousands of Australians. Last week a record crowd was on hand at the church as Australian Runner Betty Cuthbert and Yachtsman Bill Northam placed their Olympic gold medals on a table before St. Stephen's pulpit, in Powell's version of a ceremony observed by ancient Olympic heroes, who placed their wreaths of victory on altars dedicated to the gods.

A dentist's son who was an air force chaplain in wartime, Powell served churches in Scotland and Port Adelaide before his call to St. Stephen's in 1952.

No fire breather, he begins his 25-minute sermon by telling a few mild, clerical jokes and asking the congregation to take a deep, tension-easing breath: "Relax—give yourself over to God." Like Norman Vincent Peale, he spends more time analyzing modern ills than expounding theology; his chatty sermons are lightened by references to such contemporary phenomena as boating cricket umpires, which he deplors; and cosmetics, which he endorses ("God made women beautiful, and they should develop this talent"). When he recently took his text from the Sermon on the Mount—"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth"—Powell turned it into a homily on how to live with an inferiority complex.

Free Sundays. "Dr. Wednesday," as Powell is called, estimates that only about a fourth of his listeners are Presbyterians, takes pride in the fact that six denominations are represented in his 80-voice volunteer choir. Some worshippers admittedly go to St. Stephen's, as one girl explained to Powell, in order to "get church over in half an hour on Wednesday, and then have all Sunday free." Most Wednesday regulars are devout Christians who loyally attend their neighborhood churches on Sunday, but find at St. Stephen's a spiritual pickup available nowhere else. "I've got a large number of Anglicans at my Wednesday services," says Powell, who gets along fine with other pastors, and has never been accused of congregation stealing. "The Anglican archbishop knows that I'm not taking them away from any of his services."

Rhodes to Rome

As the burning Aegean sun climbed toward high noon, fishermen from Rhodes eyed the last of the season's bikini-clad tourists from Germany and Sweden stretching languidly on the island's white sands. Inside Rhodes' ancient, icon-laden cathedral, where the air was dinky with incense, a choir chanted the solemn hymns of the Byzantine Divine Liturgy, concelebrated by 14 bishops. Thus began the third major conference of the world's 14 Orthodox churches to take place in the past four years.

Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras I of Constantinople, "first among equals" of the Orthodox prelates, proposed the conference, but, following tradition, neither he nor the other major patriarchs were present. Chairing the secret daily sessions for Athenagoras was his deputy, Metropolitan Meliton of Heliopolis. Perhaps the most influential man present was Metropolitan Nikolodim of Leningrad, the chief diplomat-bishop of the world's largest Orthodox body, the Patriarchate of Moscow.

Influence & Pressure. The major topic of the conference was the touchiest issue that now faces Orthodoxy: how to initiate and carry on the theological dialogue with Rome that Athenagoras and Pope Paul VI agreed to when they met in Jerusalem last January. Merely putting the subject on the agenda led the Orthodox Church of Greece to box-cott last year's Rhodes meeting, partly because the Greek bishops are fearful of Rome's power and partly because Athens' Metropolitan Chrysostomos is jealous of Athenagoras' growing influence in Orthodoxy. Strong pressure from some progressive metropolitans and from the government persuaded the Greek bishops to send delegates to Rhodes this year.

Other Orthodox churches share Greece's gossamer attitude. At the conference, Yugoslav Metropolitan Damascene of Zagreb recalled the World War II enmity of the Orthodox Serbs and the Roman Catholic Croats. Metropolitan Alexander of Emese indicated that the Patriarchate of Antioch was worried that the Vatican Council would approve a declaration on anti-Semitism, which the Arabs see as an implied Roman recognition of Israel. Moreover, Athenagoras and his deputies had to consider the views of the World Council of Churches—all but three of the Orthodox bodies belong—which hopes that serious negotiations with Rome will not lessen Orthodox interest in ecumenical talks with Protestants.

Words of Love & Peace. During the first days of discussion, the delegates disagreed on the timing of the dialogue. Athenagoras and the patriarchs of Antioch, Alexandria and Jerusalem want the conference to set a definite time and place, as soon as possible. The Russians, on the other hand, want to wait until



POWELL (RIGHT) & OLYMPIANS CUTHBERT & NORTHAM AT MEDAL CEREMONY
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METROPOLITAN MELITON
From distrust to dialogue.

the Vatican Council is over. All the churches agree that one condition for the dialogue is acceptance by Rome of the Orthodox as equal partners, not as schismatics petitioning for a return to the fold. The delegates also agreed unanimously to form a committee of prelates who would inform the Pope of the conference's proposed ground rules for the discussion.

One sign of the delegates' openness was their warm response to a greeting from the Pope, who had prayed that the Holy Spirit would guide their deliberations and reminded them of the veneration for Mary that both churches have in common. "We sincerely appreciate the words of love and peace," the delegates replied in French. "We are following the road of the Lord's commandments in the expectation of perfecting the will of our Lord Jesus Christ in his church."

CHURCHES

Givers: Big & Small

What to give the church is solely up to the individual conscience—but what everybody else is giving does have a certain guideline interest. Last week the National Council of Churches reported the latest averages (for 1963) of Protestant bodies. As usual, members of the tiny Holiness sects proved most zealous in support of their churches: the 53,601 Free Methodists led the nation, with an average of \$358.17 each, and the 30,433 communicants of the Pilgrim Holiness Church gave \$264.20. Among major church groups, the 937,558 Southern Presbyterians averaged \$109.46, followed by the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod with \$102.26 and the United Presbyterians with \$90.46. The lowest per-capita donations were reported by the nation's two largest Protestant bodies: Methodists averaged \$59.60 in gifts, Southern Baptists, \$53.49. Total take: \$2,858,600,845, up \$58 million from the year before.



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SPORT

FOOTBALL

Points for Perfection

The game has changed a lot since the days when a field goal was worth five points and a touchdown only two. But the name is still football—as the folks in Green Bay, Wis., are learning, to their everlasting surprise.

Green Bay is the home of the Green Bay Packers, heavy preseason favorites to win their ninth National Football League championship. It is the home, too, of Paul ("Golden Boy") Hornung, 28, who set an N.F.L. record in 1960 by scoring 176 points—86 of them with his toe. But this year the gold has turned to brass. The first time the Packers played the Baltimore Colts, Hornung missed an extra point and Green Bay lost, 21-20. Next time he missed five field goals in a row and the Packers lost again, 24-21. Two weeks ago he tried another field goal against the Los Angeles Rams. The Rams blocked it; Safety Man Bobby Smith scooped up the loose ball, scampered 94 yds. for a touchdown, and the Rams won, 27-17.

Toeless & Barefoot. In the pros, extra points and short field goals are supposed to be automatic. Not this season. Don Chandler of the New York Giants was the N.F.L.'s top scorer in 1963 with 106 points; this year he has missed two extra points and eight out of 15 field goal attempts. Things are no better in the American Football League. After they barely edged Houston, 20-17, missing three field goals in the process, the A.F.L. champion San Diego Chargers started looking around for a new place kicker. And whom did they come up with? Ben Agajanian, 45, a toothless wonder (the lost four toes on his kicking

foot in an elevator accident) who had bounced around 14 pro teams before retiring for the third time last year. Last week old Ben kicked a field goal and four extra points as the Chargers beat Oakland, 31-17, then flew off to Green Bay to moonlight as a doctor for Hornung's ailing toe.

The most exciting kicker of the year does everything wrong too—but makes it work right. A Hungarian refugee who boots the ball soccer-style—off the instep of his right foot—Pete Gogolak of the Buffalo Bills has hit on 31 out of 32 extra points, 11 out of 18 field goals. He insists that he gets "more distance, more power, more accuracy," and he may signal a whole new fad in kicking. Princeton and Maryland have soccer kickers too, and Coach Duffy Daugherty at Michigan State has imported a barefoot kicker from Hawaii named Dick Kenney. Kenney kicks the ball off the end of his bare toes. "I can tell if it's good by the way the shock goes up my leg," he says. He tied a Michigan State record by booting a 49-yd. field goal against Southern California. Says Daugherty: "We've got an electric sock for Kenney when the weather gets cold. If he makes the field goal, he gets to put his foot back into the sock. If he misses, we'll make him stick it in a snow bank."

Laces Front, Head Down. Such fanciful notions do not impress an old pro like Cleveland's Lou ("The Toe") Groza, the dean of place kickers and top point scorer (with 1,404) in football history. At 40, Groza cuts a comical figure as he waddles onto the field—belly hanging over the waist of his practically padless pants. But the players don't sneer. A proud perfectionist who boots 30 or more field goals a day in practice, Groza hit on 15 out of 23 field goals last year.

"Timing is the key," says Groza. "I put the ball into the air exactly 1.3 seconds after the center snaps the ball. If we take 1.5 seconds, chances are the ball will be blocked." That is only part of it. Agajanian, for instance, wants the ball placed precisely 7 yds. behind the line of scrimmage; 6 yds. and a big lineman can reach up to block it, 8 yds. and the ends have an extra split second to reach the kicker. Groza insists that the center spiral the ball back so the holder receives it with the laces pointing away from the kicker. "Kicking into the laces cuts your distance," he explains. The instant the ball is snapped, Groza starts forward, lands on his left foot exactly 5 in. behind the ball, locks his right ankle and knee into a rigid position, keeps his head down—and thump! Arnie Palmer should have a wedge shot like that.

Because the kicking specialist plays only a few minutes a game, shudders at thoughts of bodily contact ("They

used to laugh when I'd kick and run for the bench," says Agajanian), there is practically no limit to how long he can collect his tidy \$15,000 or so each year. Besides, there is no great rush of eager youngsters punting after the kicker's job. "Nobody learns how any more," says Groza. "The trouble is that somebody has to hold the ball for you—and what kid wants to hold the ball for somebody else?"

PRIZEFIGHTING

Playing Grownups

One thing about Cassius Clay. He is somebody new every time you look. First he was the man-child, the impish chatterbox who dabbled in verse, ogled the girls ("foxes," he called them), drove around in a tomato-red Cadillac, and made everybody laugh when he announced that he was going to be the heavyweight champion of the world. Next he was the sneering champion in Miami last February, hooting: "Hypocrites! Whaddya say now, huh? Who's the greatest now?" And then he was the mysterious Black Muslim, Muhammad Ali, visiting the United Nations, stamping Africa, huddling with Nkrumah in Ghana.

What next?

Goodbye Foxes. Last week Cassius was in Boston training for his Nov. 16 rematch with ex-Champion Sonny Liston. The tomato-red Caddy was gone, replaced by a black-long black limousine and a Muslim chauffeur who wore a fuzzy fur hat. Gone, too, were the foxes—Clay is a married man now—and most of the 25 extra pounds he had put on this summer. This time Cassius was every inch the grownup prizefighter, determined to prove that what happened last time was no mistake. A rock-hard 215 lbs. ("I'll be down to 208

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CASSIUS, WIFE & CHAUFFEUR



SONNY & SPARMATE

The week before Christmas.

by fight time"), he was running four miles a day (one of them backward), boxing as many as nine rounds in an afternoon, studying movies of Liston in action, hitting the hay precisely at 9 each night.

Only now and then were there flashes of the old fun and games. He was thinking, he said, about going into business—manufacturing "Sonny Liston Sit-Down Stools." He hinted at a sinister plot to cheat him out of his title. "All I want is justice," he said. "I'll have 15 people flown in from the U.N. to observe the fight." He promised to wear his championship belt into the ring, "and if I lose, I'll give it to him right there." He guaranteed a knockout, briefly reverted to verse to name the round:

Nine will be fine

If he makes me sore, I'll cut it to tour.

Hello Sonny. All of which helped hype the gate and make Sonny Liston mad. One after another, would-be sparmates showed up at the Liston camp, figuring to pick up an easy \$250 a week waltzing with the challenger. One after another, Liston packed them off to the hospital—one with badly bruised ribs, another with a cut that took eight stitches to close. "No more of this ain't gonna happen to me," muttered Alonzo Johnson, the seventh to quit. The hero of the hour was a pug named "Big Train" Lincoln, who managed to absorb 35 rounds of punishment before he spat out a tooth and sighed: "This is a hell of a way to make a living."

Trimmed down to svelte 210 lbs. (8 lbs. less than he weighed for the fight in Miami), Liston was in the best shape of his career—the toughest-looking 40-year-old (or so) around. "A kid hangs up his stocking at Christmas," said Liston, "and he has to wait until he wakes up in the morning to

see what he got. Clay is like that kid. He'll know what happened when he wakes up." Bookmakers agreed they installed Liston as a 1-2 favorite to become the second man in history (the other: Floyd Patterson) to regain the heavyweight championship.

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Baltimore's Hank Bauer, 42, the Associated Press poll for American League Manager of the Year, Bauer's Birds were figured as also-rans by the experts, but their granite-chunk skipper (TIME cover, Sept. 11) kept them in first place for most of the season before they finally fluttered back to third—thus earning himself 53 out of the 83 ballots cast by sportswriters.

► Jack Nicklaus: the Australian Open Golf Championship, with a sizzling five-under-par 67 in an 18-hole playoff against Aussie Pro Bruce Devlin. The money was measly (\$1,787), but it was Jack's first win in three trips Down Under, and the first U.S. victory in the Open since Gene Sarazen won it in 1936.

► Penn State: the season's biggest football upset, roaring over, under, around and through second-ranked Ohio State 27-0. Only 3-4 on the season, Coach Rip Engle's Nittany Lions suddenly found their claws, held Ohio State to minus 14 yds. in the first half and five first downs all afternoon, while administering the Buckeyes' first goose egg in 45 games. Unbeaten Notre Dame hung on to its No. 1 ranking by standing off a second-half drive by inspired Pitt to win 17-15. Other scores:

Michigan State 21	Purdue 7
Maryland 27	Navy 22
Michigan 21	Illinois 6
Syracuse 27	Army 15



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GOVERNMENT

The Outside Insiders

Now that Lyndon Johnson has won the Presidency in his own right, U.S. businessmen—many of whom supported him—will watch closely to see what kind of economic policy he will pursue. Johnson faces the complicated problem of keeping the economy expanding and prices relatively stable while simultaneously trying to solve persistent unemployment, budget deficits and payments imbalances. Some clues to his future course can be found in the large group of private, non-Government economists he has been calling on for advice. Already at work on many economic projects for Johnson, these men

versity of Wisconsin with Heller, landed his first Government job (in the Treasury) through Heller after World War II, now frequently discusses the economy with the CEA chief. Specializing at the moment in federal-state relations, Pechman this week will hand to the President a lengthy report that recommends methods for channeling a portion of federal tax revenues back to the states. "Johnson and his aides seek advice and know how to use it," says Pechman. "They have turned to consultants because they find it increasingly difficult to attract men to Government jobs."

Pechman shares honors in influence with Paul Samuelson, 49, M.I.T.'s globe-hopping author of a bestselling university economics text and a close adviser

rent review of excise taxes. He has served on economic missions to countries from Burma to Germany.

► Edward Bernstein, 63, an international-money-policy expert who edits an economic newsletter (subscription price: \$1,000 a year) widely read in the Federal Reserve System. This week Bernstein will hand in to the White House a report on how to improve balance of payments statistics so that the Government can better analyze them.

► Robert Lampman, 44, of the University of Wisconsin, the major economic adviser on the President's anti-poverty program. He favors greater federal tax rebates for lower-income families.

► James Tobin, 46, former member of the President's Council of Economic



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can generally be expected to make their influence felt in favor of higher spending, lower taxes, planned deficits and easy credit.

The activities of these advisers are more or less coordinated through the President's Council of Economic Advisers, but they range far beyond the usual scope of the CEA. Walter Heller, author of the tax cut and the most influential chairman in the CEA's history, is expected to resign soon and return to the University of Minnesota, though the President is eager to keep him on. Heller's replacement could well be Michigan's Gardner Ackley, 49, a somewhat quieter but equally activist CEA member. Whoever heads the CEA, the band of outside economic advisers is certain to be used increasingly by the Administration. Spread from coast to coast, this fraternity is linked by bonds of friendship, philosophy and years of service together in universities and Government.

Two probably rank above the rest on the influence chart. One is Joseph Pechman, 46, the short, greying economist at the Brookings Institution, who importantly shaped the form of the tax cut and now is lobbying for a reduction in excise taxes. Pechman went to the Uni-

versity of Wisconsin with Heller, landed his first Government job (in the Treasury) through Heller after World War II, now frequently discusses the economy with the CEA chief. Specializing at the moment in federal-state relations, Pechman this week will hand to the President a lengthy report that recommends methods for channeling a portion of federal tax revenues back to the states. "Johnson and his aides seek advice and know how to use it," says Pechman. "They have turned to consultants because they find it increasingly difficult to attract men to Government jobs."

Pechman shares honors in influence with Paul Samuelson, 49, M.I.T.'s globe-hopping author of a bestselling university economics text and a close adviser to Johnson—as he had been to Kennedy. Samuelson was a moving force behind the decision to tax purchases of foreign securities, and was asked by Johnson to critically appraise details of the 1965 budget before top Government aides knew of them. At Johnson's behest, he will soon suggest an overall, long-range approach to economic policy designed to further stretch out recovery periods. He believes that "the Government doesn't usurp the role of the private economy but rather helps it to reach its potential."

Among the others who have become regular advisers to the Administration: ► Seymour Harris, 67, who has sought the sun at the University of California at San Diego after four decades at Harvard, now jets to Washington for about five days a month to give his advice. He has mobilized 25 top economists to brief Douglas Dillon and his Treasury officials, argues that "completely free enterprise doesn't work—it needs Government help to protect it from abuses and excesses."

Advisers, a prime Government consultant from his post at Yale. Among his specialties: consumer behavior and balance of payments. Another Yaleman is Arthur Okun, 35, a former CEA staffer who has helped to form the Government's tax policy.

► A Harvard group, which includes Carl Kaysen, Alvin Hansen, Arthur Smithies, and James Duesenberry. A noneconomist, Don K. Price, dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Public Administration and a former Tennessee newspaperman who became a Rhodes Scholar, is a top consultant to the Budget Bureau. Though John Kenneth Galbraith recently saw the President, he is generally less affluent nowadays in terms of influence in Washington.

Economic issues are becoming so complex, and economic statistics so overwhelmingly complete, that no Government agency feels that it has enough expertise to deal with them. The Budget Bureau, for example, needs a 33-page booklet simply to list its consultants. Many Government officials take the position that the outside economists, not bound up with existing policies, are apt to be more critical and accurate than the men who are.



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DEPARTMENT 154



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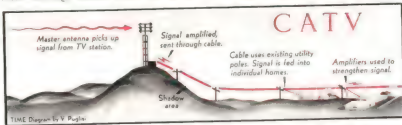
LABOR

There They Go Again

The United Auto Workers do not seem to know when to stop. Having cowed Chrysler into submission, struck American Motors and General Motors, and won from Detroit's Big Four the biggest wage and benefit settlement in history, it might reasonably be presumed to be satisfied. Yet last week, while the last workers were returning to G.M. after a 31-day strike that cut October auto sales 27%, U.A.W. workers at Ford launched their own strike. Ford and the union reached a strike-free national settlement in September, but have been quibbling ever since over local nonwage issues. When the dead-

lin for Community Antenna Television), or cable TV, it banishes ghosts and vastly increases TV reception by grabbing the signals of TV stations out of the air with towering antennas, amplifying the signals and piping them into homes by coaxial cables strung on telephone or utility poles. Serving mostly outlying areas, cable TV has grown into a \$750 million business that includes 1,450 systems and 1.6 million subscribers spread over all states except Alaska and Rhode Island.

Inevitable Control. More companies are set up every month to bring CATV to more communities, most of them operating on local franchises that give them exclusive rights to a certain area. The biggest CATV company is H & B



line set by the union arrived, 27,000 workers marched out at nine Ford manufacturing and assembly plants, and the threat of a strike hung over two other plants that were operating without contracts.

In the niggling that has been typical of auto negotiations this year, bargaining broke down over the fine print in the contract—seniority rights, job assignments, paid wash-up time, added protective clothing. The primary sticking point was overtime schedules; the union demanded that they be equalized and that workers not getting their fair share of overtime during a certain period should be paid the equivalent amount in cash even if they had not worked any overtime. Ford would have none of this, and the strike was on. It immediately cut Ford's passenger car production by 16%, its truck output by 34%. Its continuance not only would threaten the industry's fond hopes to run up another record auto year, but could trigger the dampening reaction in the economy that economists have been fearing since the beginning of the labor negotiations—which have certainly turned out to be more difficult and unpleasant than anyone could have expected.

American Corp. of Los Angeles, which owns 30 scattered systems serving 80,000 subscribers; it is followed by Tele-Prompter Corp. of New York, whose 16 networks serve 60,000 customers. Their success in the field has already attracted several major corporations: CBS, Warner Bros. and RKO General all own CATV systems, and General Electric and Litton Industries are studying the field. Of the 522 television stations in the U.S., fully half have some interest in cable TV, among them Lady Bird Johnson's K1BC in Austin, Texas. So fast has cable television grown that the inevitable is happening: the new Congress will soon get legislation aimed at putting the industry under federal control.

The Government thus far supervises only the 250 cable TV companies that are classed as common carriers because they use microwave equipment to pick up and transmit programs. Most companies use ordinary towers that require only a local franchise. Organized for as little as \$250,000, CATV companies charge installation fees of \$5.50 to \$30, offer viewers excellent reception of up to a dozen channels for monthly rentals that average \$5. The systems operate with a minimum of personnel and 98% efficiency, are expected to return investment within nine years.

From Towns to Towers. This efficiency and profitability have involved CATV in a hot debate. Though it does not generate its own programs, for example, many people see it as a form of controversial pay TV, which last week got a setback in California (see *SHOW BUSINESS*). Networks have mixed feelings about CATV, but TV stations resent its frequent disruption of local markets with outside channels. Cumber-

INDUSTRY

The Big Wire

The weakest thing about the prospering U.S. television industry is its broadcast signals. Blocked by mountains, bothered by airplanes, bounced by hills and high buildings, they generate only ghosts on TV screens in many parts of the nation. To remedy this bothersome situation, a controversial industry has grown up across the U.S. Called CATV

land, Md.'s Potomac Valley TV Co. provides five Washington channels for its 18,000 subscribers, and Panther Valley TV in Lansford, Pa., a 1950 industry pioneer, picks up New York and Philadelphia as well as Scranton; TelePrompTer plans a Farmington, N. Mex., system that will use twelve microwave relays to bring in Los Angeles, 800 miles away. Cable TV's profitability also upsets the telephone companies, which rent the poles for CATV cables at modest costs. The onetime \$1.50-\$2 charge per pole has risen to \$3-\$5. Southern Bell recently announced that it would limit new CATV service, but in some instances is willing to lease its own equipment for CATV.

With rural areas pretty well covered, CATV companies are now turning to the cities. To overcome skyscraper ghost effects and provide the strong reception that good color TV requires, TelePrompTer has filed an application for a franchise to equip any of 625,000 Manhattan households with cable reception. If the idea succeeds in New York, it may spread to other cities. Indeed, cable TV companies optimistically foresee a system in which television will no longer depend on broadcast alone, but will be sent over a microwave-wire combination everywhere in the U.S.

INVESTMENT

Many Happy Returns

The world's biggest manufacturer has more owners than Baltimore or Houston has people, and last week these 1,150,000 investors had good reason to rejoice. General Motors Corp., reporting record nine-month profits of \$1.36 billion on all-time sales of \$13 billion, voted a year-end extra dividend of \$2 a



G.M.'S MOTT

The good sense to get in early.

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SECRET THOUGHTS OF A BRIDEGROOM

"...great Scotch* they served at my bachelor party. Freddie said it was all the rage in Manhattan. What the deuce was its name?"

*The name of the Scotch is White Horse. People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A sobering thought.



share. With higher dividends for the first three quarters, that will raise G.M.'s big payoff from \$4 a share last year to \$4.45 this year, and give some 250,000 shareholders enough for a down payment on a new Chevy or even a '65 Cadillac. While G.M.'s calculated munificence will reverberate throughout the economy, the biggest individual beneficiaries will be five elderly men who had the good sense to become the largest shareholders in the firm. All but one of them got in very early, when both the company and U.S. income taxes were modest.

Profitable Sellout. The largest dividend goes to the legendary Alfred P. Sloan Jr., 89, who merged his small New Jersey roller-bearing plant into G.M. in 1916, later became its chief executive and brought order to its chaotic divisions. Today he is a vigorous member of G.M.'s finance committee—and has 688,046 shares, which will yield him \$3.1 million this year. Close behind, with 645,176 shares, is John Lee Pratt, 84, who came to the company from Du Pont in 1919 and rose to become a G.M. vice president. Now a retired Virginia farmer who shuns publicity, Pratt so successfully keeps out of public view that he is not even listed in *Who's Who*.

The only member of the big five who bought into G.M. in recent times is Richard King Mellon, 65, Pittsburgh's leading banker, urban renewer, celebrated big game hunter and U.S. Army lieutenant general (ret.). A G.M. director, Mellon owns 240,000 shares, most of which he bought when he diversified his family's investments shortly after World War II. Next to him, with 155,852 shares that stem from his family's sale of one of Canada's biggest auto manufacturing firms to G.M. in 1918, is R. (for Robert) Samuel McLaughlin of Oshawa, Ont. Though he is 93, McLaughlin still puts in several hours a day as chairman of G.M. of Canada Ltd., likes to show off his fitness by urging companions to "feel my muscle" and to punch him squarely in the stomach.

The Great Giveaway. G.M.'s fifth-ranking shareholder, Charles Stewart Mott, a spry 89, used to be its largest by far—until he gave away 1,826,421 shares to the Mott Foundation, which bankrolls just about all the cultural, social and athletic activity back home in Flint, Mich. (*TIME*, June 28, 1963). Not counting the 679,800 G.M. shares held in trust for his wife and children, Mott still owns 101,722 shares left over from the sale of his wheel-and-axle company to G.M. in 1906. He never misses a G.M. monthly board meeting, although he often has to fly to Manhattan from his winter estate in Bermuda. He also keeps an active hand in the management of the other properties that he vested in the Mott Foundation, notably half a dozen water utilities and four Michigan department stores. "I prefer

to be known by what I do, not by what I have," says Mott, smiling through a white mustache. So far this year, the Mott Foundation has given away \$8,000,000 for children's clinics in Michigan—all of which will be covered by its 1964 G.M. dividends.

MANAGEMENT

All in the Family

In a day when U.S. business is typified and dominated by such publicly owned giants as General Motors, profits are also pouring into the coffers of quite a different kind of company: the family-owned firm. Many big and brawny U.S. companies are still family-owned—and have no intention of sharing with outsiders their hard-earned prestige or profits. They tower in fields as varied as mining, retailing, proprie-

owners want to be their own bosses. There are other advantages of family ownership, of course. The family firms have the asset of secrecy, a particular plus in the brutally competitive clothing or package-goods businesses, where products are often pirated. Relieved of shareholders' probing questions and pressures to declare dividends, family managers can reinvest all their profits or, for that matter, take a bad loss without having to worry about criticism. Says Roy Goodman, president of Brooklyn's prospering Ex-lax Co. (500 million chocolate tablets a year): "We have flexibility in the decision-making process. We can get many things done without going through a hierarchy of management."

On the other hand, family firms have some congenial weaknesses, and Wall Street has tended to play these up in



GATES'S GATES



MENNEN'S MENNEN



LEVI STRAUSS'S HAAS

My son, the president.

tary drugs and investment banking, and turn out such well-known products as S. & H. Green Stamps, Caloric ranges, Johnson's Wax, Mennen toiletries, Ex-lax and Old Fitzgerald—the last of which has a president with the wonderful name of "Pappy" Van Winkle.

Though their numbers have gradually declined with the spread of merger-seeking corporations, firms that have stuck to private ownerships have proved that they can compete with and outdo the Goliaths by concentrating on specialty products. San Francisco's family-owned Levi Strauss & Co., the behemoth of blue jeans, has a new wrinkle—or, rather, an unwrinkle. It has just begun worldwide marketing of hot-selling "Stia-Prest" pants, which are treated with resin, then baked in 325 ovens until they have a permanent crease. Strauss President Walter Haas Jr. is convinced that almost all clothes will eventually be so treated to make them wrinkle-free.

No Pressure, No Proxies. Like Levi Strauss, which is run by four heirs of its founder, most family-owned businesses stay that way simply because the

its constant importuning of such businesses to go public. Among them: the problem of signing up and holding able executives who know that the sweetest plum is often reserved for the boss's son. Perhaps the worst fate that can befall a family-owned company is to have at its head a grandpa who thinks that the old ways are still the best.

Profitable Intangibles. Some clanish companies eventually sell out or merge: Q-Tips, for example, recently merged into Chesebrough-Pond's, and Breck Shampoo into American Cyanamid. A much larger number of successful and independent businesses find ingenious ways to overcome the hurdles. Charles Cassius Gates Jr., president of Denver's Gates Rubber Co., has led his company abroad and diversified it so widely that it now has both egg factories and a mutual fund. To overcome the disadvantages of nepotism, Seattle's Simpson Timber has ruled that the only job open to the owners' family is the chairmanship, which is currently held by William G. Reed, 56. Racine's wax-making S. C. Johnson & Son turned the presidency over to an outsider to give 36-



Fred's in the kitchen making a snack. What's he, having this time?



Sure, you want to hear? Ask his mother. I feel obliged to.



Pickle and anchovy on a hot wheat raisin bread? How could he!



He said it was democratic, he and Brother voted for it over tuna fish on chocolate graham cracker. They think of nothing but eating.



I like to see children enjoying their food. Sometimes I wonder what I'd be able to feed them if we couldn't count on your income.



The way I've arranged it, you'd have all the groceries you'd need as long as you need them. If I weren't here, My Equitable Living Insurance policy would take care of that—and all the other expenses in raising a brood of big eaters. Say, how about peanut butter and roast beef on pumpernickel?

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year-old Samuel Curtis Johnson a chance to get further seasoning as executive vice president.

Family firms often woo and motivate able executives by holding out generous profit sharing, and quite a few have found excellent managers among the men who had the good sense to marry the bosses' daughters. There are also valuable imponderables. "We have a consistent record of good growth," says Mennen Co. President George Mennen, "and family pride has something to do with it. After all, the products carry our name." Another factor that helps to produce good results is the feeling of tradition, purpose and loyalty that pervades family-owned firms. These are attributes that big manager-run companies, for all their size and strength, find a lot harder to produce.

THE ECONOMY

Ballots for Borrowing

There was a lot of money riding on last week's elections. In the second largest borrowing referendum in history, voters in 23 states had to decide on proposed bond issues to raise more than \$2.9 billion for new roads, airport terminals, schools, parks, subways, sea walls, water and sewer mains and urban renewal. Their decision: overwhelming approval of well over two-thirds of the bond issues, ranging from \$1,500,000 for new firehouses in Omaha to \$790 million for schools and parks in California. For the U.S. economy, the \$2.2 billion in new state and local borrowing thus voted means an added stimulus that will spread through many industries and areas.

The U.S. construction industry stands to be the biggest beneficiary of the windfall, though the actual spending will be sufficiently spread out so that no sudden spurt in jobs or contracts is likely. But thousands of other businesses are already getting a boost from local and state expenditures, which are climbing fast and have now passed the \$80 billion-a-year mark. While federal tax revenues have risen 42% to \$89.4 billion a year since 1953, state and local revenues have spiraled 134% to \$49 billion—frequently distressing both the individuals and the corporations who have to pay the tab.

Under such pressure, state legislatures are becoming somewhat reluctant to enact new tax laws, instead are turning more and more to the bond market; states, counties and cities are now raising about \$10 billion a year through tax-exempt bonds. With the supply of investable money at an alltime high, the market has no trouble filling this demand among commercial banks and insurance companies. And the nation's voters, however much they dislike debt and taxes, are usually willing to go along with bond issues to get what they want for their communities—especially since that way, the day of reckoning can be postponed.

Relive the Magic



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On Columbia Records*

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Is it possible that a builder of space simulation equipment has a hand in Becky Hull's ballet lesson?

You'd expect that the leading maker of arc carbons that produce the brilliant light for projecting motion pictures would be called upon to duplicate the sun's rays in space simulation chambers. These chambers are used to test space devices, such as the communications satellites and space vehicles...and even the astronauts themselves.

And it probably wouldn't surprise you to learn that a company that produces half a dozen different types of plastics would also create an anti-static agent as part of the vinyl plastic it developed for phonograph records. This keeps dust from sticking to record surfaces. The sound is improved. The record lasts longer. And Becky Hull's ballet lessons are performed to music that's more faithfully reproduced.

But would space simulation equipment and better materials for phonograph records come from one company? Indeed they would, in the

unusual case of Union Carbide.

All kinds of seemingly unlikely side-by-side activities turn up at Union Carbide every day. As a leader in metals and alloys, it developed a new, stronger stainless steel, and among the results are better subway cars for New York City. In cryogenics, it manufactures the equipment for a technique in brain surgery based on the use of supercold liquid nitrogen. Its consumer products include "Eveready" brand batteries and "Prestone" brand anti-freeze. And it is one of the world's most diversified private enterprises in the field of atomic energy.

In fact, few other corporations are so deeply involved in so many different skills and activities that will affect the technical and production capabilities of our next century.

And we have a feeling that Becky Hull's future is just as bright as ours.



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WEST GERMANY

Burnt-Out Coal

In the drab coal-mining towns of the Ruhr and the Saar, the mood was as grey as the fall weather that lay over the countryside in a chill and foggy blanket. The roll of muffled drums echoed through the streets as thousands of miners and their families silently marched in protest, bearing black flags and signs pleading for government action to save their jobs. Their protest was too late. Last week the German

time that better technology has enabled such industries as steel to use less coal. In six years, the use of oil in West Germany had jumped 421%.

Bonn imposed stiff excise taxes on fuel oil some time ago, and persuaded coal companies to close 37 mines and 122 coalpits by offering aid and incentive payments. Coal's decline has continued inexorably, and mountains of unsold coal have piled up throughout the Ruhr, the Saar and other coal-producing regions. Last week's mine closings were to meet the deadline for federal aid, since most of the mine owners—even some who are operating at a profit—see little hope for the future. The government was reluctant to put import quotas on oil, as the coalmen wish, but tried to cool the crisis by giving the mines until Dec. 31, 1966—beyond two crucial elections—to begin phasing out. Though miners are reluctant to leave their trade and their homes, they should have no trouble getting new work. In prosperous Germany, jobs are still going begging.

MARK KILGUS



MINERS DEMONSTRATING IN RUHR
Slipping on oil.

coal industry announced plans to close down 36 mines that produce a quarter of West Germany's coal and employ more than 60,000 miners, fully 17% of the industry's working force. At the Amalie mine in Essen, center of the industrial Ruhr, dust-covered workers were handed "death warrants" as they emerged from the mines, and went off to brood over their beer.

Germany has been brooding about her mines for years. Once the power source of the nation's industry and still a politically potent force, coal has watched its share of the country's fuel market plunge from 92% in 1950 to 49.8% today. Rising production and labor costs in the old mines are partially responsible, and so are cheaper foreign coal prices; U.S. coal, highly automated and easier to dig out, undersells German coal by \$2 a ton in Germany, and only a miserly quota keeps it from flooding the German market. Coal's greater rival is oil, which has been sweeping the country as a heating and industrial fuel at the same

INDIA

Ancient Gods & Modern Methods

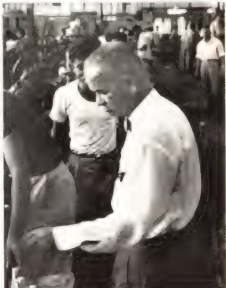
While a ceremonial fusillade of firecrackers sounded outside, a black-capped Brahmin pundit recited Sanskrit prayers last week in a factory conference hall at Poona, outside Bombay. It was the time of year for worshipping Lakshmi, the Hindu goddess of wealth and prosperity, to whom all wise Indian businessmen annually offer their order books for a blessing. With his workers during the ceremony, his feet bare and his forehead glowing with a dot of vermilion, sat Shantamu Laxman Kirloskar, the U.S.-educated head of India's Kirloskar group, a seven-company combine that sells \$46 million worth of farm and industrial equipment a year in 42 nations on every continent. Shantamu Kirloskar's respect for ancient rites is matched by his interest in modern and aggressive management. From the ceremonies, he set off on a flying trip to the U.S. Canada and seven Latin American cities to seek new sales outlets for his thriving companies.

Steel Plows for \$8.40. The Kirloskar companies not only dominate their field at home (by producing 65% of India's diesel engines, 40% of its centrifugal pumps, 36% of its electric motors), but also symbolize the gradual change in India's old image as a mere exporter of raw materials. Nearly 20% of Kirloskar's diesels are sold abroad, from West Germany to California, and from the West Indies to the Persian Gulf. Kirloskar plants also turn out a neatly complementary array of products that range from air compressors to vertical turret lathes, from sluice valves

to torque converters. But Kirloskar is proudest of his contribution to the revolution in farm methods that food-shy India so badly needs. Although four-fifths of the Indian peasant-farmers still use wooden plows, Kirloskar is busy selling them steel ones at enticingly low prices: \$8.40 to \$24.15. More important, he is persuading many farmers to shift from bullock muscle to diesel engines to pump water for irrigation.

Kirloskar—"S.L." to his friends—is a compact (5 ft. 6 in., 150 lbs.) man of 61 with bird-bright brown eyes and

JIM STEPHENS



KIROSOKAR AT POONA PLANT
Shifting from bullocks.

a penchant for gay-toned bow ties. After graduating from Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1926, he got his little family-owned motor company to branch out into planters, seeders and harrows, invented a machine that speeded peanut shelling by 600%. Kirloskar has been branching out ever since, often by collaborating with foreign manufacturers. He runs his empire of nine scattered plants and 11,000 workers with a light hand. "I direct by invisible authority," he says. "If things are running right, I don't interfere." He keeps in touch by flying from plant to plant in his private twin-engine Beechcraft, relaxes in his Poona home by listening to Western classical music on a stereo hi-fi.

Sugar Cane & Cow's Blood. Almost alone among Indian industrial complexes, Kirloskar has no roots in textiles. Its founder, Shantamu's late father, was a Bombay teacher who began by repairing bicycles and manufacturing plows 60 years ago. So suspicious were Indian farmers about the quality of local iron-

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work that it took the elder Kirtloskar two years and myriad demonstrations to sell his first six plows. What he learned has governed the company's sales approach ever since. Says S. L.: "The farmer is not a fool. He is a businessman. You have to prove things to him." To prove to skeptical farmers that a sugar-cane crusher he invented would extract more juice than old models, Kirtloskar borrowed already-crushed cane and extracted plentiful juices from it. Sales soared. Abroad, his salesmen have surmounted even more trying obstacles. Before closing the sale of an engine to an African chief, one fastidious Hindu vegetarian had to choke down a ceremonial drink of hot blood taken from a live cow.



BATA AT BATAWA
Something like Henry Ford.

CANADA Shoemaker to the World

The world walks in everything from sandals and slippers to sabots and bare soles, but its largest shoemaker covets every foot—and aims to cover it. This year Canada's Bata Ltd. (pronounced Bot-ya) will produce 190 million pairs of shoes in 3,000 styles sewn in 80 plants scattered over 67 countries. It has opened 16 plants in the past three years, last week opened another on tiny Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, and plans to build two more soon in Uganda and France. To run this mixed shoe bag more effectively, Bata next month will move into a modernistic headquarters in new suburban Toronto.

Loss to the Nazis. Canada is Bata's adopted home. The firm was organized in Zlin, Austria (later Czechoslovakia), in 1894 by young Shoemaker Thomas Bata, who got an idea for making shoes faster and cheaper with assembly-line techniques. Bata's idea worked so well that he soon branched out, at his death in 1932 owned plants in 27 countries. His heirs, Half-Brother Jan and Son Thomas Jr., later lost part of this empire to the Nazis and then to the Czech Communists, who expropriated the Zlin

works and now turn out shoes for the East Bloc. In a memorable lawsuit that lasted nine years, Jan and Thomas quarreled over the remains. Jan lost but was allowed to retain Bata's Brazilian plant.

A Canadian citizen since 1942, Thomas Bata at 50 is one of the nation's most successful businessmen. He is also one of the most modest in his habits: he does not smoke, drinks sparingly, entertains mostly at business lunches, but allows himself the flair of driving a '64 Mustang. Bata alternates between his Toronto office and his principal manufacturing plant at Batawa, a small town 110 miles east of Toronto named after the company. He frequently wears odd shoes to test his own

against competitors', stresses the low-price policy (no Bata shoes cost more than \$18 a pair, and prices range down to a 60¢ sneaker) laid down by his father. "We have the same basic idea as old Henry Ford," he says. "Turn out cheap good shoes for the mass market but give them style and quality."

Two Apiece. Bata's annual sales are estimated to be around \$400 million. But the company is controlled by an interlock of trusts and foundations, and the seven regions into which Bata has decentralized operations keep separate, and secret, books. Bata himself is as interested in world affairs as in money. He reads foreign policy treatises for relaxation, travels 150,000 miles annually with his svelte wife Sonja, 38, inspecting regions and making courtesy calls on Presidents and Prime Ministers. Bata hires local labor for each plant but likes to shift key men from country to country; his Algerian plant is run by an American, a Chilean is in charge of Mexico, and at Batawa the chiefs for testing and efficiency are an Indian and a Pakistani. "We are cross-pollinators," says Bata. "We have no preferred nationality." Whatever the race or nationality, after all, all men have two feet.



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MILESTONES

Married. Mickey Spillane, 46, the poor man's Marquis de Sade (70 million copies of ten sex-and-violence novels), who carried it to a logical conclusion last year when he played his Mike Hammer in Hollywood's *The Girl Hunters*; and Sherri Malinou, 23, bit-part TV actress; he for the second time; in Malibu Beach, Calif.

Divorced. By Peggy Lee, 44, blondy, bluesy jazz singer; Jack del Rio, 39, her bandleader and fourth husband; on grounds of mental cruelty; after eight months of marriage; in Los Angeles.

Died. Richard McKenna, 51, novelist, a onetime Navy chief machinist's mate who proved that a good story tells itself, in 1963 won unanimous critical acclaim and a small fortune with his *Sand Pebbles*, a semi-autobiographical first novel of naval derring-do in the China of the 1920s that was printed in ten languages and snapped up by Hollywood for \$200,000; of a heart attack; in Chapel Hill, N.C.

Died. Ralph Schneider, 55, co-founder and board chairman of Diners' Club Inc., a Manhattan lawyer who in 1950, with Credit Financier Frank McNamara and Broadway Producer Alfred Bloomingdale, organized the eat-now-pay-later club that triggered the credit card boom, coining so much money (1,300,000 members at \$10 annually; 7% of each tab from the restaurant), that Schneider was soon enjoying a \$600,000 yearly income; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. José Guizado, 65, President of Panama for 13 days in 1955, something of a record for brevity even in that part of the world, who moved up from Vice President after the assassination of President José Antonio Remón, but shortly found himself in jail as the mastermind behind the plot, was sentenced to six years and eight months (so light because "this was his first crime"), of which he served two years before the government discovered that he was innocent after all; of a heart attack; in Miami Beach.

Died. Arthur Klein, 79, vaudeville booking agent who in 1909 saw Al Jolson perform in a small Texas town with a group of blackface minstrels, within a year was booking him at \$1,750 a week to wail *M-a-m-m-m-m-m* on the big-time Eastern circuit; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Dudley Figgis, 81, president (1943-49) and chairman (1948-51) of American Can Co., who went to work for American as an office boy at 16, as chief executive saw it become a giant in the field; after a long illness; in East Orange, N.J.



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USS Special Report: For the most powerful solid fuel rocket motor ever fired— the world's toughest steel

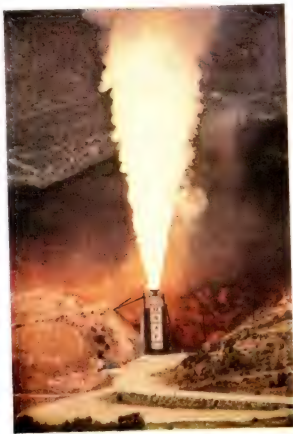
A steel's toughness is its ability to resist stress without cracking or tearing apart. Many steels are ultra-strong but not necessarily ultra-tough, and it is extremely difficult to make a steel that is both. U. S. Steel did it. The steel is called maraging steel—at least 8 times stronger than structural steel. It is so tough that plates only $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch thick contained the fury of the most powerful solid-fuel rocket firing in history.

The firing occurred earlier this year in an almost lunar landscape near the California-Mexico border. It had little of the drama typical of liquid fuel rockets. A Lockheed Propulsion Company engineer simply pushed a button right on schedule and a half million pounds of solid propellant ignited, sending a thunderous column of flame skywards from the test stand. The motor developed 1,000,000 lbs. of thrust, exactly as planned. After 109 seconds, again exactly as planned, the tower of flame died and the Air Force representatives announced a "major milestone" in the trip into space.

There have been other solid-fuel rockets but never before on such a grand scale. The motor case was 13 feet in diameter and 75 feet tall. A very special breed of steel was required to withstand the enormous forces. U. S. Steel's new maraging steel filled the bill: it is the toughest steel ever made at its strength level. A subsequent hydrostatic test at pressures even higher than the firing proved the maraging steel case to be in perfect condition.

The new steel differs from other ultra-strong steels in several ways. It is easy to fabricate and weld, and it can be heat treated after being fabricated with virtually no dimensional distortion. The heat treating process that develops maraging steel's strength is also remarkably simple: it requires none of the costly quenching equipment needed for most ultra-strong steels.

Two other firms are building even larger solid-fuel boosters of USS Maraging Steel. 260-inch diameter giants as large as two diesel locomotives end-to-end. Scientists envision a cluster of six full-size motors



of this generation developing an initial stage thrust of 44,000,000 lbs. Combined with a liquid-fuel second stage, such a vehicle could propel a 1,000,000 lb. payload into low earth orbit.

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A Wife's Tale

The Pumpkin Eater of the nursery rhyme put his wife in a pumpkin shell, and there he kept her very well. Giving a wry contemporary twist to Mother Goose, Penelope Mortimer's vivid first-person novel suggests that the poor creature then swiftly developed shell shock. In this slow, strong, incisive film version of the book, the ironing out of a well-kept wife's unkempt psyche is portrayed with harrowing perception by Anne Bancroft.

Actress Bancroft, the Bronxish heatnik of Broadway's *Two For the Seesaw* and the iron-willed mentor of *The Miracle Worker*, stretches her talents to astonishing breadth as Mrs. Jake Armistead.



BANCROFT IN "PUMPKIN"

A litany of love, hate, jealousy.

age, a British matron who believes that incessant procreation is what's right with the world, not what's wrong with it. This elemental drive brings her a swarm of children and several hard-pressed husbands, the last of whom (Peter Finch) jolts her out of bovine contentment by becoming a rich and famous screen writer.

Suddenly cursed with leisure, with her children away at school or looked after by servants, she sits idly thumbing the pages of *Vogue*. Her husband loses himself in enterprises inimical to home life, and amuses himself with bits of accessible fluff. One day, while shopping at Harrods, the placid wife collapses in a fit of hysterical sobbing. The doctor comes. "A beautiful woman," her husband growls, "but all she wants to do is sit in a corner and give birth." She submits to sterilization at her husband's urging, only to learn that he has got another woman with child. Her pumpkin shell bursts. Alienated from husband, family and self, she flees into a brief affair, at last learns to accept her husband as flawed, faithless, tender, selfish and, for her, inevitable.

Though *Pumpkin Eater* in outline re-

sembles a compendium of womanly woes, it plays like a house afire, almost invariably ignited by Actress Bancroft, who could probably strike dramatic lightning from a recitation of tide tables. Having tea at the zoo, she quietly distills despair while a prurient cuckold (James Mason) spews ugly revelations about her husband and his wife. Cornered under a hair dryer at a beauty salon, she blanches, feeling her own anguish cruelly parodied in a chance conversation with a venomous, cast-off drudge. And her spectacular scenes with Finch, pitched against the din of a more or less anonymous army of progeny, are a litany of love, hate, lies, jealousy and excruciating domestic boredom.

Scenarist Harold Pinter and Director Jack Clayton (*Room At The Top*) show proper scorn for the easy tricks of melodrama. Their unsentimental aim is to take a marriage apart and nail up the bleeding pieces for honest scrutiny. Often as not, they succeed, finding lethal words and crisp images to express the timeless battle that Author Mortimer describes as "men and women who murder each other with all the weapons of devotion."

Medium Rare

Séance on a Wet Afternoon. The medium looks like a plump 40-year-old schoolgirl whose face has the form and consistency of unbaked bread. She speaks to her timorous husband in plaintive, halting phrases, pausing from time to time to brush away some imaginary disturbance in the middle of her forehead. "Arthur wants me to be recognized for what I am. What we're doing is not . . . wrong, Billy."

Billy dutifully agrees. What they are doing is planning a kidnaping, though his wife prefers to call it "borrowing a child." The idea originated with Arthur, the medium's dead infant son and favorite contact on the Other Side. Once the victim and the ransom money are theirs, the medium can go to the child's parents to divine where both can be found. She will thus be assured of the fame her phenomenal powers deserve, and no harm done.

It is all very mad, very English, and very nearly preposterous. But for viewers eager to empty their minds and concentrate on such creepy business, Writer-Director Bryan Forbes (*The L-Shaped Room*) works an aura of disaster into every nook and passageway of a turreted old mansion. As the demented psychic, Myra, Kim Stanley manages so many subtle shifts of mood that she seems simultaneously sweet, bitchy, poignant, and a deadly menace. The kidnap scene is a cinematic whirlwind, with the camera cutting and lashing across the landscape to build to a moment of crisis when the victim (Judith Donner) locks herself in the back of a limousine while Billy (Richard At-

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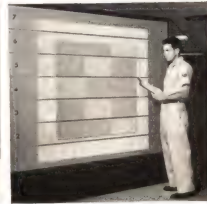
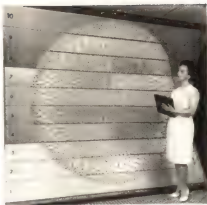
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Simultaneously.

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STANLEY IN "SÉANCE"
Disaster in every nook.

tenborough) fumblingly tries to carry out his wife's instructions about the chloroform.

At last the ransom is collected, but the child falls ill, and Myra summons Billy to the parlor, a wild look in her eye. "I don't want to let her go," she announces strangely. "Arthur keeps saying how much happier she'd be if we sent her to him—"

Up to that point, and even a bit beyond, *Séance* is the kind of throat-drying thriller in which every second seems split. The film's climax dissipates suspense in a game of guesswork that may provoke discussion among viewers, but also suggests that Scenarist Forbes may have sat down at his table and waited for someone—or something—to tap out a message that never came.

In Praise of Cowardice

The *Americanization of Emily*. "As long as valor remains a virtue," says the unheroic hero of this film, "we shall have soldiers. So I preach cowardice. Cowards run at the first shot. If everybody did, we would never get to the second shot. I'm a coward, and I say that cowardice will save the world!"

Playwright Paddy Chayefsky, who wrote the script for *Emily*, obviously intended a black comedy in the style of *Dr. Strangelove*, a savage sneer at war and all its bloody works. But if *Strangelove* with chery ferocity reminded its audiences that every cloud has a strontium lining, *Emily* in confused conclusion manages to suggest that every human value has a wormy caramel center.

The film, praise be to Paddy, is bitter before it turns sweet. The cowardly hero (James Garner) is a fat cat who finds that military life in London in the days before D-day is just his bowl of cream. While millions of Britons queue up for rations, the hero inhabits an Eden teeming with rivers of bourbon, sierras of sirloin and herds of gorgeous girls who will do almost anything for a Hershey

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(and why they still can't beat Broxodent, the one from Squibb)

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5. Every part was designed for automatic toothbrushing and nothing but. Motor. Bristles. Brush head.

6. The tiny head, with its concentration of over 1500 bristles, was designed to get around easily and dislodge even the tiniest food particles. (It's good for tiny mouths, too.)

7. Broxodent was tested in dental clinics for two years before Squibb would let you have it. And Squibb never stops testing.

When you switch to automatic brushing, remember two things.

It's our business.
It's your teeth.

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AMERICA'S LEADER IN TOOTHBRUSHES

bar. Happily, there is a serpent in this paradise: an admiral (Melvyn Douglas) more concerned about congressional hearings ("They're tryin' to scrap the Navy!") than he is about the Germans.

"I've got it!" the admiral bellows one night in a manic epiphany. "The first dead man on Omaha Beach must be a sailor! We'll build him a monument—the Tomb of the Unknown Sailor." Telegrams crackle, Joint Chiefs harumph, orders arrive, engines clamor, machine guns cackinnate, and sure enough, the first dead man on Omaha Beach turns out to be—Garner. Next day every daily in the U.S. front-pages his picture, but a week later the corpse turns up alive. "Omigawd!" gasps the officer (James Coburn) in charge of



CHAYEFSKY & GARNER IN "EMILY"
Heroes have caramel centers.

public relations. "Instead of a dead hero we've got a live coward!"

The situation presents obvious opportunities, and before he succumbs to a cynical conclusion Chayefsky takes some of them firmly in hand. He writes a couple of smartingly satiric scenes and puts together some pretty shrewd pacifist repartee. Naval officer proudly: "He was the first dead man on Omaha Beach!" Civilian innocently: "Was there a contest?" But Chayefsky dissipates the main force of his satire by chasing the main chance for commercial success. He aims most of his episodes at the audience for hell-bottom farce—Actor Garner plays them like a nightclub comic imitating Fred MacMurray. Chayefsky further confuses the issues with a lardy interlarded love story—Actress Julie Andrews plays it as though abreacting a childhood crush on Greer Garson. "All those men moaning," Julie tremulously murmurs to another young woman. "When they healed, they'd come hoping to spend their last nights of leave with me. I couldn't say no to them, could I? I'd just lost my husband at Tobruk, and I was overwhelmed with tenderness for all dying men. As I say, I'm grotesquely sentimental . . . but whatever are you doing with your hair?"

Tearing it out by the roots, dear.

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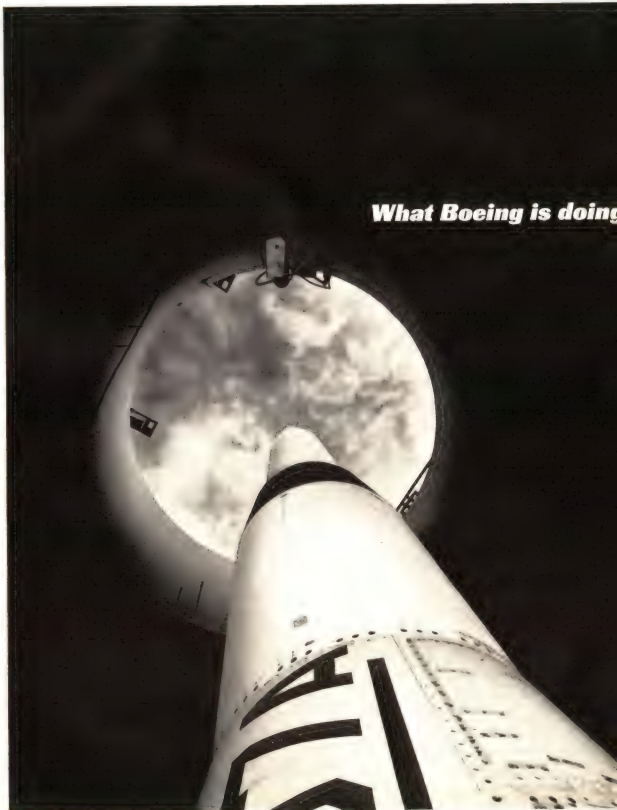
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EVELYN WAUGH (1929)
Pulled by the lure of the past.

Mid-Victorian in Exile

A LITTLE LEARNING by Evelyn Waugh.
34 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.

I should like to bury something precious in every place where I've been happy and then, when I was old and lonely and miserable, I could come back and dig it up and remember.

—Lord Sebastian Flyte,
in *Brideshead Revisited*

Arthur Evelyn St. John Waugh is a man with a lifelong and unswerving hatred of the 20th century's industrialized, democratized ways. From his irrepressibly comic, murderously satiric novels (*Decline and Fall*, *Vile Bodies*), most of Waugh's books have had as their real subject the loss of a golden age. Looking back, the Oxford and Mayfair targets Waugh satirized in the '20s and '30s have largely vanished, taking with them half the early novels' humor but leaving the rage intact. After World War II he suddenly turned earnest: *Brideshead Revisited* is a frankly elegiac lament for the passing of a golden youth and innocence. Most readers mourned the change.

Now 61, Waugh has decided that his own time has come to dig up the past and remember. In this reticent, ironic, quietly elegant first volume of autobiography (the plans two more), Waugh takes his life through school and Oxford, ending on the eve of his first literary success. He insists that from early childhood he sensed "another age which I instinctively, even then, recognized as superior to my own." This nostalgia for "the Mid-Victorian ethos" later came to be a fixed theme of Waugh's books—and of his religion, his Tory politics, his testy and forceful prejudices.

Glow of Happiness. Typically, Waugh "follows the old fashion" of autobiography and begins not with himself but his ancestors. With warmth, wit

and antiquarian zeal he traces them through four generations of the solid, comfortably moneyed professional class that saw the flowering of the British Empire. Waugh himself was born near London in 1903, given the name Evelyn "from a whim of my mother's. I have never liked the name." He borrows an anecdote from much later in life to illustrate why: "Once during the Italian-Abyssinian war I went to a military post many miles from any white woman, preceded by a signal apprising them of the arrival of 'Evelyn Waugh, English writer.' The entire small corps of officers, shaven and polished, turned out to greet me each bearing a bouquet."

His childhood in Edwardian England he remembers as idyllic, "an even glow of pure happiness." His memories of boyhood are vividly visual, from his nursery wallpaper (a pattern of medieval figures) to the beauties of the countryside and villages, which were rapidly being destroyed by urbanization in "the grim cyclorama of spoliation which surrounded all English experience in this century." He remembers loving the old-fashioned lighting, he even claims he loved the antique plumbing.

Violence & Hardships. Waugh's one-chapter portrait of his father is a charming and loving memorial. Arthur Waugh was plump, modest and kind, a publisher and man of letters in the old-fashioned sense who "genuinely liked books—quite a rare taste today." He was also unceasingly histrionic. "In greeting visitors he was Mr. Hardcastle; in deploring the ingratitude of his sons, Lear. Between these two extremes all the more likable of Dickens' characters provided him with roles." Though well-to-do, he could not sign a check without moaning: "They will bring me to a pauper's grave." He could not pass a looking-glass without recoiling from his reflection, "crying, in the tones of the ghost in Hamlet: 'O horrible! Most horrible!'" Several evenings a week, this remarkable dramatizer would read aloud to his family. "In these recitations of prose and verse the incomparable variety of English vocabulary, the cadences and rhythms of the language, saturated my young mind."

The transition to the "violence and hardships" of British public-school life was painful and severe. The experience may well have seemed unarguable evidence, the reader surmises, that change is not likely to be for the better.

Stung to Life. Waugh entered Oxford in 1922, and felt "reborn in full youth." He did the right thing by neglecting his studies almost totally, drinking heavily and getting deep into debt, just as he has described it repeatedly in his novels. It's all here: the brilliant, idle, artistic young men, the champagne, the escapades, the anecdotes, the high teas with the "honeybuns and anchovy toast" that are almost a trademark of



WOOD ENGRAVING BY WAUGH (1923)
Saved from the grave by jellyfish.

Waugh's Oxford. And yet it is not here the account is somehow crabbed and uncertain, the champagne flat, the real life figures pale beside the fictional characters Waugh created out of them. For the inimitable flavor of that anchovy toast, the reader will find himself revisiting *Brideshead* instead.

Leaving Oxford after three years and without a degree, Waugh dabbled in art, kept on with his friends and his high expenses, finally had to look for work. He found himself fit for nothing, but to join that "heterogeneous and unrefined underworld" from which prep school masters were drawn. In desperation he took a job at a poor school of the seacoast in North Wales. It was to give him much of the locale and characters of his first novel, but first it gave him the worst year of his life. The boys were unruly, Waugh hardly competent. "Weeks passed in deep self-pity."

Near the end of the school year he decided on suicide. One June night he piled his clothes on the beach, with a note, and swam slowly out to sea. He melancholy was arrested by jellyfish, which stung him back to land and life. Still ahead were his books, his fame, his two marriages, his conversion to Roman Catholicism. Still with him was his conviction that "to have been born in a world of beauty, to die amid ugliness is the common fate of all us exiles."

Truth Is a Snake

A MAN IN THE WHEATFIELD by Robert Lowell. 178 pages. Harper & Row. \$3.95.

Smale Calder kept rattlesnakes. He tamed them, talked with them, let them crawl on his arms and shoulders and dart their tongues in his face. To him they meant the cruel beauty of reality and his control of them was a conquest of nature at its deadliest. When he finished up in the sun-drenched field



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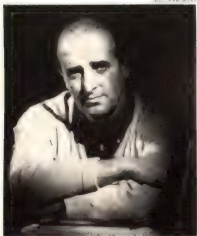
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less village in the Southwestern desert, nobody knew about his peculiar hobby. The mayor, a paternalistic despot who had created the town and peopled it entirely with fellow immigrants from Italy, knew Smale Calder as an alien—"the American." The priest, Father Savio Lazzaroni, knew at first sight that Smale Calder was the devil. Then the stories about the rattlesnakes began to spread.

Lust for Death. In a first novel as stripped down and sun-bleached as the desert itself, Robert Laxalt makes the townspeople's envenomed reactions to the snakes into a fascinating, ambiguous allegory of men's various ways of confronting fear and the presence of death. When the people learn that Calder collects rattlers, they call on him to remove the snakes that infest their



ROBERT LAXALT

The cruel beauty of reality.

stony fields. After the local barber reports that Calder has been seen playing with his snakes in the pit he has built for them, the farmers begin bringing their families in on Sunday afternoons to watch.

The audience, larger each week, is horrified, transfixed with excitement; many watchers secretly lust to see death. The merchants prosper as the snakes draw trade to the village. The children bring small animals, even their own pets, to sacrifice to the snakes. Father Savio preaches against this idolatry, yet feels himself spiritually empty and deserted by his God.

Lying in Wait. Then one child, the village's lonely and slightly crazed orphan, secretly tries to imitate Calder with the snakes; he dies horribly. Appalled, Calder refuses to continue the public rites—and the town erupts in riot. The villagers are enraged not so much at the death of the child as at being deprived of their superstitious sport. In the course of the riot, Calder is killed by one of his own snakes while trying to protect it.

Allegory is a difficult art and an almost forgotten taste. But Author Lax-

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alt has chiseled out a narrative that is lapidary, unadorned and original. He falters at a couple of points when he slips into direct explanation. Overall, he succeeds powerfully in creating a novel that leaves in the mind a sense of truth lying in wait, with a dry rustle, coiled to strike.

A Curtain Half Lifted

MEMOIRS: 1921-1941 by Ilya Ehrenburg. 543 pages. World. \$6.95.

When he was asked what he did during the Terror of the French Revolution, the aristocrat Emmanuel Sievès replied, "I survived." If Soviet Novelist Ilya Ehrenburg were asked about his own activities during the 20-year Stalinist terror, he might well give the same answer. Considering that just about every eminent Russian writer and artist was exiled, executed or hounded to suicide by the paranoid dictator, Ehrenburg's survival is one of the most remarkable literary achievements of modern times.

No one quite knows how he did it. Ehrenburg claims it was pure chance; others say he made a deal with Stalin. Certainly he was as nimble and tricky a performer on the teeter-totter board of Communist politics as the world has seen. He was unique in being allowed to live abroad most of the time between World Wars. Back in Russia during World War II, he was Stalin's chief propagandist and heaped praise on his boss. After the war, though a Jew himself, he aided Stalin's ferocious purge of Soviet Jews by ridiculing Jewish solidarity and calling Israel a "laughable dwarf capitalist state."

After Stalin's death, Ehrenburg led the fight for freer artistic expression, and his 1954 novel, *The Wave*, gave the new literary movement its name. In his *Memoirs*, which have been running, off and on, in the Soviet press since 1960, he has tried to present an unbiased picture of the recent Russian past. It is a gallant and encouraging try, but unfortunately—thanks to a combination of Ehrenburg's cautious temperament and official censorship—it only lifts the Iron Curtain half way.

Corruption of a Caraboid. This second volume of memoirs (the first carried Ehrenburg from his Moscow childhood through World War I) deals largely with writers and artists, good, bad and indifferent, whom Ehrenburg met in the capitals of Western Europe in the interwar years. Ehrenburg seems almost under a compulsion to mention as many as possible, as if to atone in some slight way for their "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short" lives. His portraits are touching, affectionate, anecdotal, but he scrupulously avoids discussing the writers' ideas. Only obliquely does he hint that many of the Russian writers were victims of Stalin, and by the time of their death thoroughly disgusted with Communism.

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himself. He expresses few of his own thoughts, has scarcely any explanation for the abrupt shifts in his career. A confirmed skeptic in the 1920s, he was dubbed "the caraboid," the name of a beetle which ejects a fine stinging spray. In his early novels, *Julio Jurenito* and *The Stormy Life of Lasik Roitschwantz*, Ehrenburg mocked Right and Left, capitalism and Communism (when *Roitschwantz* was republished in the U.S. in 1960, it was much to his embarrassment). But in the 1930s, he became a militant Communist, began cranking out "social realism" clinkers that glorified the Russian regime. His reasons are unconvincing: "I came to realize that a soldier's fate is not that of a dreamer, and that one ought to take one's place in the fighting ranks. I did not renounce what I held dear, nor did I repudiate



ILYA EHRENBURG

A nimble man on the teeter-totter.

anything, but I knew that I would have to grit my teeth and master that most difficult of disciplines—silence."

Roar of Cannon. Master it he did. When one close friend after another was hauled off to his death during the bloody purges of the late 1930s, Ehrenburg never said a word. Nor does he offer a word of reproach today.

Ehrenburg is at his best when he is simply reporting what he saw. Assigned by Izvestia to cover the Spanish Civil War, he is sharp, biting, witty. He describes how the Anarchists, numbering in the tens of thousands, caused havoc in Republican ranks. Not believing in law, order or discipline, they confiscated all cash in areas they controlled, cut off all medical supplies on the grounds that "nature is a better healer." Ehrenburg showed them Soviet films on proper revolutionary behavior, but the Anarchists laughed in all the wrong places.

Ehrenburg nevertheless shows flashes of awareness of his—and Communism's—vast errors, and he promises to say more about Stalinism in future volumes. "I shed the light of art too timidly, too meanly, too intermittently on this world

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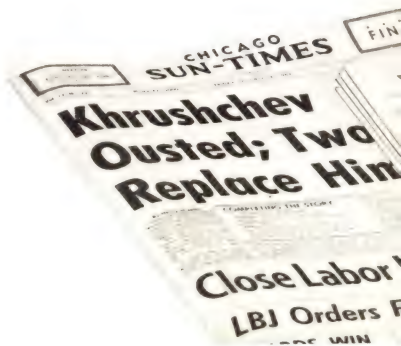
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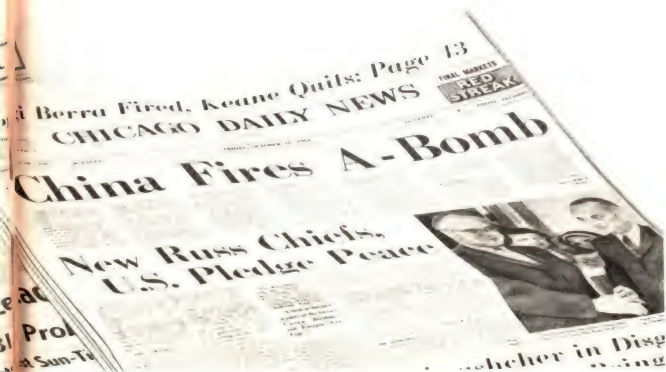
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that I was depicting. The crux lies not in the quality of such gifts as I have, but in spiritual hastiness, in the fact that we were blinded by tremendous events, deafened by cannonades, by roaring, by intensely loud music, so that at times we ceased to detect the nuances, hear the heartbeats, and so lost the habit of discovering that spiritual detail which is the living tissue of art."

Also Current

DRIVE, HE SAID by Jeremy Lerner. 190 pages. Delacorte. \$3.95.

In winning the \$10,000 Delta Prize, this short but flatulent novel was the unanimous choice of three eminent judges—Critic Leslie Fiedler, and Novelists Mary McCarthy and Walter van Tilburg Clark, who is quoted as having found it "gigantically laughable." Well, maybe. But unlike *Candy*, the bestselling pornographic novel that passes itself off as a satire on pornography, *Drive, He Said* is serious as all get out. Most of its fun is unintentional. Thus, in one chapter, Basketball Player Hector Bloom and his chick Olive spend a busy evening nuzzling each other outside a diner, are chased over hill and dale by a Cadillac jammed with knife-wielding rapists (strangely, they seem to be bad-dies), make passionate love to celebrate their escape. Then Hector, "in his last thought before he curled into the grip of deepest sleep, yearned for the clean true feel of a basketball."

UNFINISHED FUNERAL by Niccolò Tucci. 192 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$3.95.

The reign in Spain, postulates the author, is "the cult of virility," and woman's fate is to be "enslaved and betrayed." On the reader's acceptance of this arch axiom teeters this over-savvy tale. Its stage business, and that of the Duchess of Combon de Triton, is to make her "appallingly stupid" duke the first faithful husband in Spanish history. Her scheme is to win his compassion by feigning illness and his awe by submitting to surgical cures without anesthesia or a whimper. Some 30 agonizing operations later, the duke commits suicide. Now the widow, whose "only joy is to make others stay out of their own lives," can begin to "enjoy" her two children. "You may do what you want, but not before my death, which is quite near, I feel." At the faintest threat of their self-realization, back to the operating table goes the duchess. Tucci's style and setting may be drawing-room comedy, but life, as he reports it, is theater of the absurd.

NIGGER by Dick Gregory. 224 pages. Dutton. \$4.95.

In this rather premature autobiography, Comedian Dick Gregory aims to laugh the word nigger out of the English language. "Wherever you are," he writes in the dedication to his mother, "if you ever hear the word 'nigger' again, remember they are advertising my book." The trouble is that Gregory is always

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hogging the stage, and will not let anyone else in on the act. All the world's his audience; everyone is either laughing uproariously at him or sputtering with rage. But his humor is more than skin-deep. When a Southern sadist phoned to congratulate him on the death of his son from pneumonia, he replied: "I'm glad, too. I had five million dollars' worth of insurance on him."

NIGHT LIGHT by Marie Bardos. 299 pages. Doubleday. \$4.95.

The Kingfish is dead, but the minor political catfish still fatten in Louisiana's back bayous. One of the cleverest and hungriest, in this effective first novel, is Frank Creighton, a country lawyer who plans to realize his kingfish-size political ambitions with the aid of his wife's statehouse connections and oil money. But his wife is a shy, gawky Cajun girl who is tortured by Creighton's remorseless use of her in his regimen of political conviviality. At first she escapes in alcoholism; then she leaves and threatens to divorce and disinherit him. Creighton's reaction is to plot her murder. The ensuing climax is an intricate and perilously swaying gothic construction. Louisiana-born Author Marie Dupuis Bardos keeps it under control, though barely, by the strength of her knowledge of the brooding moods and uniquely ingrown personalities of this most Latin part of the U.S.



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"Darling, you shouldn't have—," Mavis protested. "But now I'll have time to prepare breakfast as you like it—the grapefruit with scalloped edges, the eggs Benedict—won't it be simply divine!"

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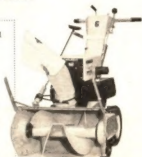
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